

THE NEW TARIFF BILL

IT IS HIGHLY COMMENDED BY FARMERS.

President McKinley Makes a Good Record in Dealing with the Cuban Question—Progress of the Work in Behalf of International Bimetallism.

Week of Interest.

Special Washington correspondence.

This has been a week of unusual interest in Washington, not only at the White House, where the applicants for office are numerous and active, but also at the Capitol. The tariff bill has been under discussion and no farmer could have listened to the discussion without being able to clearly determine who were his friends and who were not his friends. The strong, vigorous arguments of the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee in behalf of those features of the bill which are especially beneficial to the farmers on the one hand, and the covert sneers of the Democratic and Populist orators relative to the very features of the bill on the other, show that the farmers of the country made no mistake when in last November they voted the Republican party in power and the protective system in operation. The Republican members of the committee have shown that the bill was framed with the interests of the farmers constantly in mind, while the attacks upon that measure by the Democrats have been specially leveled at those features which were beneficial to the farmers. Chairman Dingley in his opening address called special attention to these features, and Gen. Wheeler, of Confederate fame, who led off the debate for the free trade wing of the Democracy, attacked fiercely those features of the bill which are intended to be especially valuable to the agricultural community. Congressman Hopkins, of Illinois, devoted a large share of his speech to an explanation of the reciprocity features, showing that under the reciprocity treaties made in pursuance of the McKinley law, great advantages were gained in foreign markets for our agricultural products and that even greater opportunities are offered by the new bill, while Populist Bell, of Colorado, who followed him in opposition to the bill, especially attacked the wool schedule and denounced the effort to give the home market to the American workmen, and thus to the American producers. Mr. Bell's speech was freighted with sneers at the wool tariff, the sugar tariff, the tariff on flax and hemp, and indeed everything in the bill which is Republican in doctrine, and which is intended to benefit the farmer, and these attacks were coupled with admissions on his part that even his own State had good beet growing soil, great opportunities for wool production and other agricultural possibilities of extreme value. Populists and Democrats seemed to vie with each other in their denunciation of the tariff measure, and all because it is the production of the Republican party.

The Cuban Situation.

An interesting development of the week has been the additional evidence of the fact that the attitude of the new administration with reference to the protection of American citizens abroad is being promptly recognized by the Spanish Government. The contrast between the present conditions in Cuba with reference to American citizens and those which prevailed under the Cleveland administration is strongly marked and is the subject of much comment on all hands. As everybody knows during the late administration scores of American citizens were imprisoned in Cuba, and whatever was demanded for their release was made of such a feeble character as to fail in results. The ringing utterances of Senator Sherman, now Secretary of State, in the closing days of his service in the Senate, in which he said that American citizens abroad must and should be protected at all hazards, coupled with the clear declaration of President McKinley on this subject, in his inaugural address, have had a marked and prompt effect in the attitude of the Spanish Government and in the few weeks since the new administration came in, the prison doors in Cuba have been thrown open and large numbers of American citizens who were imprisoned there on the slightest pretenses, have been given their freedom. All this has happened without any bluster or protest on the part of the new administration, but simply a clear, vigorous statement of policy which the Spanish Government has been wise enough to recognize and act upon without waiting for further developments.

International Bimetallism.

While there has been no official announcement as to the immediate policy of the administration regarding international bimetallism the developments have been such as to warrant the conclusion that the negotiations for an international conference are to be undertaken through authorized representatives of this Government at a very early date. Whether this will be by the appointment of special representatives selected for this specific purpose or through the ministers to the foreign Governments is not yet clear, but it is known that negotiations are being set on foot already and that the administration hopes to be able to bring about a conference in the coming autumn which will be participated in by the great nations of the world. Meantime the friends of free coinage in the United States without the co-operation of other nations are losing ground and many of them recognize the fact that international action is the only practicable method of restoring the use of silver. The old theory that silver and farm products have kept pace in values and that silver money was therefore the true measure of value has lost its hold by reason of the fact that wheat continues high, while silver has continued to depreciate, reaching almost the lowest point in its history.

Tariff Legislation Being Pushed.

The Republicans in the House are showing their desire for prompt action on the tariff, by the hours which they are putting in upon the Dingley bill. The House, which is accustomed to meet at 12 o'clock noon, and adjourn at 5 p. m., now begins its sessions at 10 a. m., and closes the day's work at 11 p. m., devoting all of its time to the one subject of the discussion of the Dingley bill. It is expected that the discussion will

WHAT THE FARMER WANTS.

THE MOST AMPLE PROTECTION FOR WOOL. REPUBLICAN PLATFORM 1896.



be completed and the bill passed by the end of the month. Meantime, the Republican of the Senate Finance Committee, recognizing the fact that the bill will reach them in about its present form, have begun their examination of it, paragraph by paragraph. Their work will occupy necessarily considerable time, as was the case with the Ways and Means Committee, which it will be remembered, has been months at work on the bill, but it is hoped that the bill, which will pass the House about March 30, will get before the Senate by the end of April and become a law by the end of the fiscal year, June 30.

A. B. CARSON.

Smashing the Trusts.

One of the notable utterances of President McKinley's inaugural was the promise that the anti-trust laws will be enforced, and that new statutes will be recommended to strengthen them, thus rendering them more effective. When this paragraph of the inaugural reached Wall street there was a tumble in all the trust stocks. Sugar trust stock lost 2 1/2 per cent. Leather 2, Chicago Gas 1 1/2, Consolidated Gas 1 1/2, General Electric 1, and Tobacco 1 1/2. Large blocks of these stocks were thrown on the market and the decline sympathetically affected the entire list of stocks.

The new Attorney General, McKenna, is a California man, and he, in common with all other residents of the Pacific coast, understands thoroughly the evils that are inherent in any monopoly. The Pacific railroad monopoly has cursed that section for a generation, and without doubt Mr. McKenna comes to his new position with a determination to do his best to execute the laws dealing with all monopolies. His inaugural shows that in all that he may do he will have the earnest support of the executive head of the Government.—Toledo Blade.

Business Improvement.

The trade journals report very large sales of steel rails, in part at the very low rate of \$13 per ton, but lately at the better, though still cheap, price of \$20 and \$21 per ton. In all not far short of a million tons are ordered from the Illinois Steel Company and the Carnegie Company, the division being pretty near equal. Smaller firms also have taken up contracts at like rates. This insures several months of steady employment to a large number of men. The demand for woolen goods has improved and there is a slight betterment in the cotton manufacturing industry. The boot and shoe factories are busier than they have been for a long time and the prospects seem favorable to a continuance of healthy activity. The prices of wheat, cotton, and iron are a shade higher than a week ago, and this, in conjunction with a money market that is well adapted to the encouragement of industrial enterprises, should lead to an increase in the purchasing power of the people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Professor Wilson's Inaccuracies.

When Professor William L. Wilson declares that the tariff of 1890 "swept us headlong from a large surplus to a deficiency" he utters a statement which he, above all others, should know is a bald perversion of fact. There was no deficit in 1891. There was no deficit in 1892. There was no deficit in 1893. A deficit did not make its appearance until 1894, when the approaching enactment of the Wilson-Gorman bill threw its blighting shadow over the industries of the nation. Government receipts under the McKinley law were \$68,000,000 greater in 1891, \$28,000,000 greater in 1892 and \$50,000,000 greater in 1893 than they were in 1890 under the Wilson-Gorman act, and during those three years raw sugar was on the free list at that. If the West Virginia politician has any regard for his reputation for candor he will be careful how he indulges in such reckless assertions.—Commercial Advertiser.

Save This \$100,000,000.

"The Republican party favors such protection as will lead to the production on American soil of all sugar which the American people use, and for which they pay to other countries more than \$100,000,000 annually.—From the Republican platform of 1896.

And the Republican representatives in Congress will endeavor to enact such legislation as will result in "the production on American soil of all sugar which the American people use," so that another, and a paying crop, may be grown upon our farms, and that \$100,000,000 annually may be distributed among our own people instead of among foreigners.

Redeem This Promise.

"To all of our products, to those of the mine and the field, as well as those of the shop and the factory, to wool, the products of the great industry of sheep husbandry, as well as to the finished woolsens of the mill, we promise the most ample protection."—From the Republican platform of 1896.

Now, Republican representatives in Congress, redeem this promise made to the American people last year, because

Major McKinley was elected President of the United States in consequence of this pledge.

American in the White House.

The country can again hold up its head. We have once more an American in the White House—A man who believes in America and in Americans, who is the friend of the American people and not the pliant tool of their shrewd foreign rivals; a statesman who puts American interests and American prosperity first and who will give protection to American labor, to American industries and to the American home.

Thankful that It's Over.

We thank the Lord they're over. With four years more of Grover. They fooled us then but now we sigh. It was another Free-Trade lie.

The four years more of Grover.

We thank the Lord they're over. They've brought us naught but distress, Disaster, failures and distress.

We've had enough of Grover, And now he is a rover.

We're glad, and thankful, as can be, At last we'll have prosperity.

The Question of Rates.

President McKinley's platform said, "The question of rates is a practical question, to be governed by the conditions of time and of production." This ought to be a sufficient answer to the free-traders who are now so exercised to learn the rates of the new tariff law, whether they are to be "high" or "low." But nothing ever is a sufficient answer to the free-traders, nothing ever can end their empty clamor, not even such a landslide as struck them last November.

What We Have Lost.

Two hundred and eighty million dollars has been lost to American farmers, during the years 1895 and 1896, through importations of hides, wool and sugar, all of which might have been produced in the United States under a policy of protection. The exact imports were: Wool, \$56,101,573; hides, \$57,146,517; sugar, \$105,082,236. Total, \$218,330,326.

The Meaning of McKinley.

"Equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to sectional discrimination and individual favoritism," is what President McKinley's platform said about the policy of protection, and that is what McKinley's inaugural meant to the country.

Protection for Shipping.

By long odds the tariff is the measure that should afford protection to American ships, or yield needed revenue to the Government, or give both protection and revenue, just as a protective tariff does when applied to other American industries.

Help It Along.

Republican administration has always meant American prosperity. Democracy has always meant foreign prosperity. Let us all help the McKinley administration to restore American prosperity.

For a Tariff on Hides.

Hides need protection. There is no reason why this important farm product should be longer subject to the Democratic free trade doctrine.

Protection and Prosperity.



Free Trade Times.



STYLES FOR SPRING.

TO FIND SOMETHING NEW IS NOT SO EASY.

Neither Capes Nor Jackets Are Newly in Favor, So a Fashionable Trick Is a Blend of 'Em—Spring Garments That May Be Worn Next Fall.

New York correspondence.

ARELY it is so difficult a task to pick out a suitable spring wrap as it is this season, for during the past few years women have gaily skipped from fashion to fashion, till the heads of the designers are almost lost in their effort to keep pace with feminine fickleness. We have had capes till we are tired of them, unless we can be shown some very good reason for being pleased with some individual cape. Jackets are rather more attractive, but even there we are not easy to please. We won't have big sleeves, those frightful melon shapes, and we won't have tight plain ones, the ugly things, so the distracted maker exhausts his ingenuity and a lot more cloth than you would believe possible in amplification of sleeves that shall not recall the huffed melon.

All sorts of cape-like drapery is resorted to, frequently with very good effect. Handkerchief-like squares are shaped into the armhole after the manner shown in the initial cut, so that there are no bulky folds on the shoulder, and yet there is a very graceful fall of points to the elbow. Breadth is still suggested by frills and folds at the sleeve tops, and yet the lifted arm shows its natural outline almost to the shoulder, and the trig jacket fit is not interfered with. Some ingenious jackets, usually made of delicate materials, come with sleeves adjustable under the cape-like shoulder scarfing, and when hot weather comes the sleeves will be whipped out and a new jacket results by the contrast of the dress sleeves thus exposed.

Three new designs of outer garments are presented by the two-column illustration, each model standing for a distinct sort of outer garment.

Because we have worn capes so much, the right-hand design is, perhaps, the least new, but it is quite different from the ordinary light cape. Its fan pleatings of silk showing through the silts in the covert cloth are distinctly new, and its jauntyness will carry it successfully next fall as well as this spring. A nice covert cloth cape in dull green, stone gray, moose, scarlet or brown, is sure to look well on any occasion, and the dash of silk set in the front and showing at the open edges at sides and back gives added dressiness. Many capes after this model are elaborated by being double, the under cape being entirely accented in color, while the over one, slashed into many panels, hangs free except at the collar, the silk appearing above the cloth in any elaborate rendering of a ruff. Biscuit-colored smooth cloth over a bronzy peacock green is about as dressy a combination as you can select. The girl with an eye to make over will feel herself willing to pay for one of these new designs, because the accordion-pleated under cape is sure to lend itself to other uses. It is the really economical girl who astonishes her friends when she does buy, by getting

ing at a mere tip of contact front and back, makes when worn alone a dainty finish to a dress where street effect is desired without additional warmth. The girl who has on a jacket of this plan can afford to carry her head high, for she wears a "high-class exclusive," and every one of her friends will know it at the first look. The delicate millinery and the prettiest delicate spring gown will match charmingly with such an overgarment. After all, the most important garment in the half-season is the outer garment, so it is well to secure one at once for the intermediate months; the gown can wait till later. It is only fair to add to the spring look of the streets by getting off the winter wrappings that all of a sudden in the strong yellow sun look dingy and ugly.

As an accessory to her spring wrap, the trickily demure damsel adopts a scarf pin that recalls the graceful draperies of days long past. When adjusted it seems to be merely a long scarf-piece laid over the shoulders, and the knotted carelessly at the waistline, the ends hanging to the knees, but it is not as simple as that. It is really all in place and not a bit dependent upon the chance of happen-so-folds. Still in spite of being made after a pattern, it does not look the least bit self-conscious when it is on. A great many spring gowns are being made with a "fleur cape," which is the pretty name of these little garments, to match, and the demure, poetic and romantic girl cannot find anything to suit her more charmingly. A gown of dark violet, lined with a violet and pale blue-silk, a fleur cape lined to match the lining showing as the shoulders fold turns over, is as pretty a combination as possible, and is not so much like the stage heroine after the death of all her relatives except the bad uncle as is a combination of gray.

Very attractive are the new garments that combine the ever popular Eton and the desirable cape. They suit any but the severest tailor-girl, and we ought not to be too severely tailor-finished just when the pretty new flowers are pushing up through the turf. A trig little page-jacket, the sort of Eton affair that buttons snugly to the high collar, takes cape sleeves and some jaunty revers, and forthwith does not know itself because it is so much prettier than before. Such a garment with its snug fit is suitable for wear when, after all, we are not sure of our spring winds. The collar that turns down with charming effect, stands up, too, about the ears and proclaims that its wearer thinks it had form to rush a season, and that she prefers comfort to being the first into a change of clothes.

All the same, she knows quite well that with the collar down and the buttons loosed at the bust, so that the lace frill just at the edge shows through, she will look as spring-like as any one when the season is really settled.

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The largest flag in the world is now being made in Ericsburg in Hawaii, and will be eighty feet long. It will consume 700 yards of bunting, and fly from a pole 150 feet long.

FROM GRANDMOTHER'S DAY.

something that seems very dainty and not at all like what the thoughtless expect an economical person to get.

The surplus of the middle figure, too, will hold over nicely to autumn, while the dainty spring look now, will later blend with a lace and muslin frock and make the garment seem a special summer one. These pretty affairs come in all sorts of materials, and in many cases are made to match the dress. In grenadines and open weaves over silk, garished with really handsome lace, they are distinctly dressy. They come finished with high collar, or with merely

the crossed surplus effect at the throat, in which case the gown shows at the neck. Worn with a tailor gown they impart a spring-like airiness to the costume, and used as a little reception wrap over an elaborate gown they take on festive elegance.

Than the sort of empire jacket seen at the left in this picture, there is nothing newer. It is of sun-pleated smooth cloth, its cape drapery collar of plain cloth. These empire affairs refuse to be downed. They have appeared in cheap ready-made affairs and looked the ugly, shapeless fakes they were, but the truly well-proportioned and graceful empire remains and is none the less stunning. They are either cut very short—some of them bob up deliciously at the back—or else they are just below the hips. Much of the effect depends on the correct length. San-

burst pleating is used by first-class milliners and makers whenever possible, and is most becoming to all sorts of figures. A little while ago the pleating appeared only on made-to-order garments, but it is shown now on the high-priced made gowns and jackets, the latter more rarely.

Brilliantly changeable taffetas are thus used and all sorts of lovely cashmere and ladies' cloths. Silk poplin, too, lends itself charmingly to this model of jacket. Many of them are made with the shoulder cape finish adjustable, and this little cape, which lies merely around the shoulder line fasten-

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Lesson for April 11.

Golden Text.—"Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."—Acts 10:43.

The subject of this lesson is the Conversion of Cornelius—Acts 10:30-44.

In the last lesson we saw that Peter was already losing some of his Jewish exclusiveness; that he was traveling in a part of Judea where he must have seen much of Gentiles, and that in Joppa he lodged with Simon, a tanner, that is, dwelt in a house ceremonially unclean according to Jewish notions. But much remained to be done in convincing Peter and the large majority of the Jewish Christians that the great barrier that had hitherto existed between them and the Gentiles, extending through all the relations of life as inexorably and completely as Hindu caste, was now to be broken down.

Explanatory.

The events preceding the beginning of the lesson must of course be included. This whole story is a most interesting one, considered merely as a story, and if skillfully told, or drawn from a class by questions, cannot fail to be attractive. The story will teach the great truth embodied perhaps better than Peter's address which forms the text of the lesson, Caesarea, where Cornelius' cohort was stationed, was the official capital of the province in the sense that it was the residence of the procurator; a Roman city more than any other in the land. The "Italian band," or cohort of which Cornelius was centurion, appears to have been so called as being composed of native-born Italians, instead of men from the provinces like much of the Roman army. It may have been a special bodyguard of the procurator. Thus Cornelius was a man of importance. His devout character, as represented in the narrative, is most remarkable; yet we hear of other such cases, notably the one who is named Jesus ben David (Luke 7:2). The story of his vision is sufficiently clear, though it is so briefly told. Peter's vision for its understanding requires some acquaintance with the strictness of Levitical law as to clean and unclean foods, otherwise its point would be lost on an ordinary class. A little humor is perhaps not out of place here, if it really helps to the understanding of the lesson. Peter was waiting for his dinner, getting hungry every minute, and under these circumstances he beholds in a vision plentiful provision let down from heaven itself to supply his need. Yet, because of inveterate custom, based, it is true, on ancient law, but on a law which Christianity had abrogated, Peter refused to satisfy his hunger. Of course the meaning of clean and unclean animals was a matter decided entirely by the Mosaic law; some of the prohibited animals being entirely suitable for human food.

The succeeding events, the reception of the messengers of Cornelius, and the journey to Caesarea, may be briefly passed over, bringing us to the response of Peter to Cornelius' narration of the reasons for this strange message. What had been the prayer of Cornelius, which had been heard by God as he learned in his vision? Probably it was somewhat indefinite, a prayer for more knowledge of a God whom he hardly knew. He was familiar with the Jewish teachings, and may possibly have known something of the Old Testament, but could see no more light in it than could the Ethiopian whom Philip met. At any rate, there was no mistaking the fact that Cornelius was a most earnest and thorough-going seeker after God; else he would not have so far forgotten his Roman pride and social exclusiveness and military authority as to seek a humble Jewish teacher to enlighten him.

"God is no respecter of persons"; that is, God does not withhold his privileges from any man on account of his birth or circumstances. The phrase is not free from obscurity in the English, for both "respect" and "person" have undergone various changes of meaning since their original use was made. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart," is perhaps as good a paraphrase as is necessary.

"Preaching peace by Jesus Christ"; rather, "preaching good tidings of peace by Jesus Christ." The peace spoken of is that obtained by reconciliation with God through Christ. Peter adds, "He is Lord of all," showing that the gospel is a universal one.

Notice how the apostles sum up the life of Jesus in their discourses. They have little to say about his teachings, laying most stress on his holiness of character and his marvelous works. The usual error of Christians is here exposed, their reservation and the proof of it, as the central fact of the gospel which Peter preached.

Teaching Hints.

This is a striking illustration of divine providence; the whole story from beginning to end can be made interesting to almost any class if this feature is emphasized. Picture the Roman soldier in his quarters at Caesarea, going out sometimes to attend services at the Jewish synagogue, or to converse with some learned rabbi, sinking his Roman pride in his earnest desire to learn more about the true God; contributing liberally to the poor; trying to find somebody who had known Jesus and could tell him about that wonderful Jew who had died some years previous and (as it was said) had risen from the tomb. Make vivid the scene when, after years of waiting, a vision came to him commanding him to visit to Simon Peter, a man who lived with a Joppa tanner, for fuller information about divine things. Tell how he gathered about him the devout members of his household, together with some of his soldiers, and communicated to them the good news, making arrangements to send messengers at once to Joppa. Describe Peter, in his humble lodging-place at Joppa, waiting for his dinner, and seeing this strange vision which he could not very well interpret until a servant admitted three traveling men who came with a message from a Roman centurion who had also seen a vision. Follow out the rest of the story, the journey to Caesarea—get these two places located on a map—the reception by Cornelius, the conversation, the conversion, the baptism. Everything planned out just as it should be; yet none of these men concerned knowing any more than his own personal duty, ignorant how the performance of it was to accomplish anything.

The earnestness of seekers after righteousness among men of limited religious opportunities sometimes puts Christians to shame. Such cases as that of Cornelius are not unknown in missionary work. The eagerness with which many people in Roman countries seek for the Bible in their own tongue, the care with which they read it, the confidence they place in it, ought to be a lesson to us who are so careless of unparalleled privileges. Who of us would send on a day's journey to find out about Christ?

Next Lesson—"Gentiles Converted at Antioch."—Acts 11:19-26.

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As an accessory to her spring wrap, the trickily demure damsel adopts a scarf pin that recalls the graceful draperies of days long past. When adjusted it seems to be merely a long scarf-piece laid over the shoulders, and the knotted carelessly at the waistline, the ends hanging to the knees, but it is not as simple as that. It is really all in place and not a bit dependent upon the chance of happen-so-folds. Still in spite of being made after a pattern, it does not look the least bit self-conscious when it is on. A great many spring gowns are being made with a "fleur cape," which is the pretty name of these little garments, to match, and the demure, poetic and romantic girl cannot find anything to suit her more charmingly. A gown of dark violet, lined with a violet and pale blue-silk, a fleur cape lined to match the lining showing as the shoulders fold turns over, is as pretty a combination as possible, and is not so much like the stage heroine after the death of all her relatives except the bad uncle as is a combination

The Avalanche.

G. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.

Entered in the Post Office, at Grayling Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Avalanche—Vol. XIX.

With this number the **AVANCE** starts in on its 19th year, and with renewed evidence of its continuance and prosperity, and with the strongest faith in the principles it has, always battled for. Our aim is, and has been to publish a paper that would be welcomed in every home, and our success proves that we have succeeded fairly well in doing so, although the opponents of our political principles delight in publicly denouncing the paper and then privately subscribing for it. Our faith is also equally as strong in the future prosperity of Grayling and Crawford County, and we shall try to give our readers all the happenings that will form or make their history.

Now is a good time to subscribe.

The Elections.

From the returns received it seems that the Republicans of Michigan won another victory on last Monday. Judge Lusk, for Justice of the Supreme Court, and Messrs. Cocker and Lawton for Regents of the University, have a plurality of from fifty to sixty thousand. The Republican candidate for mayor in Detroit, was defeated by a small majority, but the other candidates, City and State, received the usual vote. In this county the Republicans elect seven of the nine supervisors, and made gains all over the county, as the State ticket has from 50 to 100 majority, and would have done still better had the Republicans of this township only laid aside for once the habit of scratching their ticket in trying to show their independence. The Free Silverites aided by the odds and ends of every party under the sun, and the republican scratchers and stay-at-homes managed to elect all but three of their candidates by small majorities, but the Republican State ticket has a lead of six. The State ticket and the amendments have small majorities in every township except one. A more complete account will be given after receipt of the official returns.

The tariff bill reached the Senate April 1st, and that body can foot the country gloriously by getting through with it in six weeks.

The loss to the purchasing power of the American people by the Wilson bill's change in one tariff schedule—wool and woollens—is estimated at \$426,250,000 a year, or over \$8,000,000 a week. Hurry up the Dingley bill!

The remarks of Governor Pingree, in condemning the Supreme Court for its decision in regard to his holding the office as Mayor, are most temperate and ill timed. The chief executive of a great state should at least be more dignified.—Alpena Pioneer.

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Thirty Years Later.

It might be inferred from much of the talk heard in these days that the United States is pursuing a downward course, and that a comparison of the present with the past would give many reasons for discouragement. The reverse of this idea is true, after admitting that the country for four years has been passing through an unsatisfactory administration. The memory of the majority of men reaches back to the year 1867. That was a flush year at the end of the war. The government had paid out immense sums in closing up military accounts, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers had received payment in full. It is, therefore, a sharp test of 1896 to put it under definite analysis besides 1867. Persons who are celebrating the good old times and grumbling about existing conditions should welcome the deadly parallel, and not find fresh cause for complaint, if this trial by simple arithmetic goes against them.

The figures are from the nineteenth annual abstract of the Bureau of Statistics, which has just come from the government printer. Let the much discussed "per capita" open the tourney. All who can recall the year 1867, have the impression that the circulation of money was then lively. In that year the per capita was \$20.11; in 1896 it was \$32.86. The per capita of money in circulation in 1867 was \$18.28, one half of it valued in gold at 72c. at the dollar; in 1896 the per capita circulating was \$21.10, all valued at par in gold. The per capita of the national debt in 1867 was \$89.26; the year 1896 saw it reduced to \$13.41. Between the same years the per capita of interest on the debt declined from \$3.84 to 40c, and the annual national tax on each citizen from \$9.87 to \$4.94. These changes for the better are so striking that no disgruntled citizen will venture to mention the subject of per capita unless he is thoroughly misinformed about it.

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Additional Local Matter.

I. H. Richardson, of South Branch, was in town, Tuesday, rejoicing over the election of his brother as Supervisor. Perry R. will return the compliment next Spring.

C. W. West, of Center Plains, writes us, that his name appeared on the silver ticket in that township against his wish and protest, and repudiates the action of the caucus which made the nomination.

As I received the same number of votes as the candidate for supervisor, it showed conclusively that we were supported by the same electors and that our republicanism was of the "true blue" order.

T. A. Carney informs us that he will sever his connection with the fire department, when his time is out. He should be prevailed on to continue, as he has proven to be the right man for the place, and made an efficient chief.

"Leaf by leaf the Roses fall," and in the same manner the cranks and soreheads in the republican are going over to the Free Silver party, where they evidently belong, from the joy manifested over their reception.

Qualification for the office to be filled has never been a factor in the nominations made by the late democratic or free silver party in this county, as is proven by the result of the election last fall, and on Monday last.

The ablest man in the republican party, and the one with the most influence in Crawford County, according to the announcement of the free silver orators, was not in it with the one who never made any pretensions to having either brains or influence.

The Directors of the Opera House and Masonic Hall Association, at their meeting held last Saturday evening, elected the following officers: President, R. Hanson. Vice President, A. Taylor. Secretary, F. Michelson. Treasurer, John Staley. Building Committee: A. Taylor, J. F. Hum, and R. P. Forbes. Finance Committee: R. Hanson, J. Staley, and F. Michelson. It was resolved to hold a mass meeting next Monday evening, the 12th, at the Court House, to which everyone is cordially invited.

Judge Items.

Miss Lotta Owen called on C. B. Johnson, last week.

Frank Owen and M. R. Smith went to Grayling, last week.

Frank Owen has bought a horse power to saw wood with.

Mrs. R. Smith, and daughter called on Mrs. Frank Owen, last week.

Ben Sherman called on Charles Johnson and G. P. Owen, Thursday.

Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Buck called on C. B. Johnson and family, last week.

Mr. Richards and family, of the North Branch, are visiting at H. Buck's, for a few days.

M. R. Smith must have some attraction in Grayling, as he has been there quite often, of late.

M. R. Smith and family visited J. V. Miller, near Grayling, Sunday, and report a delightful time.

John Woodman has taken a home-stead in Maple Forest, joining Chas. Johnson. This country is booming.

It is reported, that Gus Richards has skipped the country, and a few of our citizens mourn his departure, financially.

Charles Johnson has commenced clearing on his homestead, on section 25, in Maple Forest. Charlie is a hustler, and we hope he will do well.

Amos Buck, of Buck's Station, had the misfortune to smash his hand, last week, and Amie Johnson is taking his place on the section, at present.

The party who has taken up the pump-on-the-Strickland place, and stole the point, is known, and if it is not immediately returned will be prosecuted.

Charles Johnson has had extra good luck in hunting and trapping, lately. He has 25 pelts to show for his work, consisting of coon, mink, and muskrat. He thinks this is a fine trapping season.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending April 3d, 1897.

Andrews, O. G. Locke, Thomas Bear, Noab. Lamour, Ike. Guppy, Burt. Warner, Jas. A.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advised."

WM. BRADEN, P. M.

It is a Curse.

Constipation is a curse, and afflicts too great a proportion of the American people. It robs men of their energy, woman of their beauty, children of their life and playfulness. Do you want relief? Then try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin—a pleasant taste, pure, Maple Syrup, and pleasing in its action. Ten doses, 10c, large sizes 50c and \$1.00, at L. Fournier's.

PUBLIC NOTICE!

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP!

The H. JOSEPH COMPANY will dissolve partnership April 25th, 1897. We are going to close

OUT THE ENTIRE STOCK

to settle up our affairs, and everything will be sold REGARDLESS OF COST.

We do not want to quote Prices, but call and see. It will be for **YOUR INTEREST TO DO SO.**

Remember that not a Dollars worth of Goods will be added to our stock. Take advantage of this great

DISSOLUTION SALE.

First come, first served.

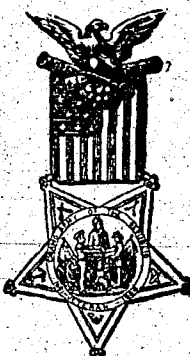
This sale commences February 9th., and ends April 20th., and is for CASH ONLY.

H. JOSEPH COMPANY,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The Attention of Comrades

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.



Is called to the fact that the 31st National Encampment will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., in the summer or early fall of 1897. Due notice with full information of the arrangements made will of course, be given.

This selection was a happy one, for Buffalo is famed not only for its beauty, its patriotism, and its hospitality, but also for its delightful summer climate, while its proximity to Niagara Falls places the marvelous attractions of that greatest of cataracts and its fascinating surroundings, equally within easy reach of the visitor.

On this occasion, the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," will be prepared to do honor to the patriotic veterans of the Republic, as it has on many previous occasions, by placing at their service, at the low rates that will then be authorized, the unrivaled equipment and service of its magnificent line and splendid terminal facilities. In addition to its regular through trains for New York and Boston, which now leave Chicago daily at 10.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., and 11.30 p. m., finely equipped special trains will be run as the convenience of our patrons will require.

Those Comrades who attended the National Encampment at Portland, Me., ten years ago, will recollect the splendid trains and special facilities afforded by the Michigan Central, one of which was the largest passenger train ever sent out of Chicago. Everybody was more than satisfied, and if there were any complaints we never heard of them. This was a remarkable experience which has been many times since repeated.

The Michigan Central is not only the direct and the best route to Buffalo from Chicago, Detroit, and the West, but also "The Niagara Falls Route," it being the only road running directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and stopping its day trains at Falls View, from which point the most comprehensive view is to be had.

Comrades of the G. A. R. should send their names and addresses for the souvenir now in preparation, and for any additional or special information, address

O. W. RUGGLES,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Prominent Lawyer.

of Greenville, Ill., Mr. C. E. Cook, writes: "I have been troubled with biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, constipation, etc., for several years. I sought long and tried many remedies, but was disappointed until I tried your Syrup Pepsin. I can cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from above complaints."—For sale by L. Fournier.

"Does Modern College Education Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" is one of the most important inquiries that could be set on foot. This discussion which is to be taken part in by President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins, President Dwight of Yale, President Schurman of Cornell, President Morton of the Stevens Institute, Henry Thurston Peck of Columbia, Bishop Potter and others of the most distinguished men of both the United States and Europe, is begun in the April Cosmopolitan by a radical inquiry into the educational problem along the lines of Herbert Spencer. President Gilman will follow in a direction almost equally searching. Altogether there is promised the frankest possible expression of opinion, and it seems probable that it will be the most thorough comparison ever made of educational methods with the needs of every-day life of the nineteenth century.

WAR

waged upon the lesser ilk. We have often prevented greater troubles. As a weapon against Constipation, Indigestion and Sickheadache, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is in importance. It costs 10 cents. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. For sale by L. Fournier.

The Nebraska legislature passed an act two years ago offering a premium for the destruction of the Russian thistle. It has been discovered since then that the Russian thistle is of service, both as fodder and fuel, and the present Nebraska legislature has in consequence repealed the law that sought its extirpation. What poor humanity regards as calamities often prove to be blessings in disguise.—Inter-Ocean.

The Best Cough Remedy on Earth.

LUTHER, Mich., Feb. 8, '92. Dr. C. D. Warner, Coldwater, Mich. Dear Sir:—I am well acquainted with the merits of your White Wine of Tar Syrup. I have used it on several occasions when very hoarse from public speaking and when suffering from sore throat. Our postmaster, Mr. Nicholson, had La Grippe, and it left him with a very bad cough, had spells of coughing every morning for an hour or more. I met him on the street three weeks ago, and recommended White Wine of Tar Syrup, which he commenced taking, and today he is a well man. A little girl here had coughed all winter, and no cure could be found. I asked her mother to get White Wine of Tar. She did so and in two weeks the child was cured. As you say, it is the best cough remedy on earth. Please send me six bottles by express. Yours most respectfully, Rev. E. L. ODLE, Pastor of M. E. Church.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$750 and expense. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

THIS SPACE

BELONGS TO

Salling, Hanson & Company,

GRAYLING, - MICH.

LOOK OUT FOR

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

FRESH BULK

OYSTERS

ORANGES, and LEMONS,

—ALSO A FULL LINE OF—

CANNED GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS,

TABLETS, PENCILS, BOX PAPER, &c., at

J. W. SORENSON'S, Grayling, Michigan.

We will send you

"The Michigan Farmer"

—AND THE—

"Crawford Avalanche" \$1.85

Both one year, for only

A BARGAIN!!

You can find no Agricultural paper that will give you as much solid, practical matter devoted to the farm as "The Michigan Farmer" with its twenty pages filled each week with articles from the most practical and successful farmers in the country.

The market reports are as complete and reliable as time and money can make them.

Send direct to "The Michigan Farmer," Detroit, Mich., for a free Sample Copy. Address all orders for subscription to the

CRAWFORD AVANCE

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made by William Woodburn and Mary E. Woodburn, his wife, to Mary A. Westlake, dated June 19th, A. D. 1894, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, on the 13th day of June, A. D. 1894, in Liber D of mortgages, on page 36, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Four hundred and twenty three dollars and twenty cents, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

NOW THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the seventeenth day of April, A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Grayling, that being the place where the Circuit Court for Crawford County is held, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars covered for therein, the premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate in the township of Grayling, in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows: The southwest quarter of the south west quarter of section twenty-six (26), township twenty-eight (28) north of Range three (3) west, containing eighty (80) acres more or less, except one square acre of the south west corner of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of said section.

MARY A. WESTLAKE, Mortgagee.

O. PALMER, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage made by Louis M. Parker and Francis Parker, his wife, to Mary A. Westlake, dated August 2nd, A. D. 1894, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, on the 13th day of June, A. D. 1894, in Liber D of mortgages, on page 135, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred and sixty-two dollars and sixty cents, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

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MARY A. WESTLAKE, Mortgagee.

O. PALMER, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Franklin House DRESDEN, MICH.

Rooms and Boarded etc. Very central. Elevators. Electric light, electric bell, etc. Rates \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. E. E. JAMES & SONS, Prop.

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Additional Local Matter.

I. H. Richardson, of South Branch, was in town, Tuesday, rejoicing over the election of his brother as Supervisor. Perry R. will return the compliment next Spring.

C. W. West, of Center Plains, writes us: that his name appeared on the silver ticket in that township against his wish and protest, and repudiates the action of the caucus which made the nomination.

As I received the same number of votes as the candidate for supervisor, it showed conclusively that we were supported by the same electors and that our republicanism was of the "true blue" order.

T. A. Carney informs us that he will sever his connection with the fire department, when his time is out. He should be prevailed on to continue, as he has proven to be the right man for the place, and made an efficient chief.

"Leaf by leaf the Roses fall," and in the same manner the cranks and soreheads in the republican are going over to the Free Silver party, where they evidently belong, from the joy manifested over their reception.

Qualification for the office to be filled, has never been a factor in the nominations made by the late democratic or free silver party in this county, as is proven by the result of the election last fall, and on Monday last.

The ablest man in the republican party, and the one with the most influence in Crawford County, according to the announcement of the free silver orators, was not in it with the one who never made any pretensions to having either brains or influence.

The Directors of the Opera House and Masonic Hall Association, at their meeting held last Saturday evening, elected the following officers: President, R. Hanson. Vice President, A. Taylor. Secretary, F. Michelson. Treasurer, John Staley. Building Committee: A. Taylor, J. R. Hum, and R. P. Forbes. Finance Committee: R. Hanson, J. Staley, and F. Michelson. It was resolved to hold a mass meeting next Monday evening, the 12th, at the Court House, to which everyone is cordially invited.

Judge Items.

Miss Lotta Owen called on C. B. Johnson, last week.

Frank Owen and M. R. Smith went to Grayling, last week.

Frank Owen has bought a horse power to saw wood with.

Mrs. R. Smith, and daughter called on Mrs. Frank Owen, last week.

Ben Sherman called on Charles Johnson and G. F. Owen, Thursday.

Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Buck called on C. B. Johnson and family, last week.

Mr. Richards and family, of the North Branch, are visiting at H. Buck's, for a few days.

M. R. Smith must have some attraction in Grayling, as he has been there quite often, of late.

M. R. Smith and family visited J. V. Miller, near Grayling, Sunday, and report a delightful time.

John Woodman has taken a home-stead in Maple Forest, joining Chas. Johnson. This country is booming.

It is reported, that Gus Richards has skipped the country, and a few of our citizens mourn his departure, financially.

Charles Johnson has commenced clearing on his homestead, on section 25, in Maple Forest. Charlie is a hustler, and we hope he will do well.

Amos Buck, of Buck's Station, had the misfortune to smash his hand, last week, and Amie Johnson is taking his place on the section, at present.

The party who has taken up the pump on the Strickland place, and stole the point, is known, and if it is not immediately returned will be prosecuted.

Charles Johnson has had extra good luck in hunting and trapping, lately. He has 25 pelts to show for his work, consisting of coon, mink, and muskrat. He thinks this is a fine trapping season.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending April 3d, 1897.

Andrews, O. G. Locke, Thomas

Bear, Noah. Lamour, Ike.

Guppy, Burt. Warner, Jas. A.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say "Advised."

WM. BRADEN, P. M.

It is a Curse.

Constipation is a curse, and afflicts too great a proportion of the American people. It robs men of their energy, woman of their beauty, children of their life and playfulness. Do you want relief? Then try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Pleasant to take as pure Maple Syrup, and pleasing in its action. For constipation, 10 doses 10 cents. For large sizes 50c and \$1.00; at L. Fournier's.

PUBLIC NOTICE!

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP!

The H. JOSEPH COMPANY will dissolve partnership April 25th, 1897. We are going to close

OUT THE ENTIRE STOCK

to settle up our affairs, and everything will be sold REGARDLESS OF COST.

We do not want to quote Prices, but call and see. It will be for **YOUR INTEREST TO DO SO.**

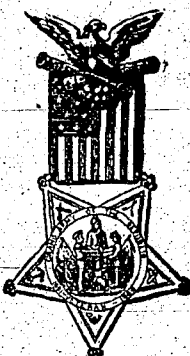
Remember that not a Dollars worth of Goods will be added to our stock. Take advantage of this great

DISSOLUTION SALE.

First come, first served.

This sale commences February 9th., and ends April 20th., and is for CASH ONLY.

H. JOSEPH COMPANY,
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.



The Attention of Comrades

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Is called to the fact that the 31st National Encampment will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., in the summer or early fall of 1897. Due notice with full information of the arrangements made will of course, be given.

This selection was a happy one, for Buffalo is famed not only for its beauty, its patriotism, and its hospitality, but also for its delightful summer climate, while its proximity to Niagara Falls places the marvelous attractions of that greatest of cataracts and its fascinating surroundings, equally within easy reach of the visitor.

On this occasion, the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," will be prepared to do honor to the patriotic veterans of the Republic, as it has on many previous occasions, by placing at their service, at the low rates that will then be authorized, the unrivaled equipment and service of its magnificent line and splendid terminal facilities. In addition to its regular through trains for New York and Boston, which now leave Chicago daily at 10.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., and 11.30 p. m., finely equipped special trains will be run as the convenience of our patrons will require.

Those Comrades who attended the National Encampment at Portland, Me., ten years ago, will recollect the splendid trains and special facilities afforded by the Michigan Central, one of which was the largest passenger train ever sent out of Chicago. Everybody was more than satisfied, and if there were any complaints we never heard of them. This was a remarkable experience which has been many times since repeated.

The Michigan Central is not only the direct and the best route to Buffalo from Chicago, Detroit, and the West, but also "The Niagara Falls Route," it being the only road running directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and stopping its day trains at Falls View, from which point the most comprehensive view is to be had.

Comrades of the G. A. R. should send their names and addresses for the souvenir now in preparation, and for any additional or special information, address

O. W. RUGGLES,

Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Prominent Lawyer.

of Greenville, Ill., Mr. C. E. Cook, writes: "I have been troubled with biliousness, sick headache, sour stomach, constipation, etc., for several years. I sought long and tried many remedies, but was disappointed until I tried your Syrup Pepsin. I can cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from above complaints."—For sale by L. Fournier.

"Does Modern College Education

Educate, in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?"

is one of the most important inquiries that could be set on foot. This discussion which is to be taken part in by President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins, President Dwight of Yale, President Schurman of Cornell, President Morton of the Stevens Institute, Henry Thurston Peck of Columbia, Bishop Potter, and others of the most distinguished men of both the United States and Europe, is begun in the April Cosmopolitan by a radical inquiry into the educational problem along the lines of Herbert Spencer. President Gilman will follow in a direction almost equally searching. Altogether there is promised the frankest possible expression of opinion, and it seems probable that it will be the most thorough comparison ever made of educational methods with the needs of every-day life of the nineteenth century.

WAR

waged upon the lesser ill. We have often prevented greater troubles. As a weapon against Constipation, Indigestion and Sickheadache. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin leads in importance. 10 doses 10 cents. Regular sizes 50c and \$1.00. For sale by L. Fournier.

The Nebraska legislature passed an

act two years ago offering a premium for the destruction of the Russian thistle. It has been discovered since then that the Russian thistle is of service, both as fodder and fuel, and the present Nebraska legislature has in consequence repealed the law that sought its extermination. What poor humanity regards as calamities often prove to be blessings in disguise.—Inter-Ocean.

The Best Cough Remedy on Earth.

LUTHER, Mich., Feb. 8, '92.
Dr. C. D. Warner, Coldwater, Mich.
Dear Sir:—I am well acquainted with the merits of your White Wine of Tar Syrup. I have used it on several occasions when very hoarse from public speaking and when suffering from sore throat. Our postmaster, Mr. Nicholson, had La Grippe, and it left him with a very bad cough, had spells of coughing every morning for an hour or more. I met him on the street three weeks ago, and recommended White Wine of Tar Syrup, which he commenced taking, and to-day he is a well man. A little girl here had coughed all winter, and no cure could be found. I asked her mother to get White Wine of Tar. She did so and in two weeks the child was cured. As you say, it is the best cough remedy on earth. Please send me six bottles by express.
Yours most respectfully
Rev. E. L. ODLE,
Pastor of M. E. Church.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

* * * * *

THIS SPACE

* * * BELONGS TO * * *

Salling, Hanson &
Company,

GRAYLING, - MICH.

LOOK OUT FOR

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

FRESH BULK

OYSTERS

ORANGES, and LEMONS,

—ALSO A FULL LINE OF—

CANNED GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS,
TABLETS, PENCILS, BOX PAPER, &c., at

J. W. SORENSON'S, Grayling, Michigan.

We will send you

"The Michigan Farmer"

A BARGAIN!! "Crawford Avalanche" \$1.85
Both one year, for only

You can find no Agricultural paper that will give you as much solid, practical matter devoted to the farm as "The Michigan Farmer" with its twenty pages filled each week with articles from the most practical and successful farmers in the country.

The market reports are as complete and reliable as time and money can make them.

Send direct to "The Michigan Farmer," Detroit, Mich., for a free Sample Copy. Address all orders for subscription to the

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by William Woodburn, and Mary E. Woodburn, his wife, to Mary A. Westlake, dated June 19th, A. D. 1893, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1893, in Liber D of mortgages, on page 37, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Four hundred and twenty three dollars and twenty seven cents and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

MARY A. WESTLAKE, Mortgagee.
O. PALMER, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Louis E. Parker and Francis Parker, his wife, to Mary A. Westlake, dated August 2nd, A. D. 1893, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1893, in Liber D of mortgages, on page 150, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred and sixty-two dollars and sixty cents, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars, provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

MARY A. WESTLAKE, Mortgagee.
O. PALMER, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Franklin House

Detroit, Mich.
One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents. Very cheap. Exciter service. Please send this to the Editor, Franklin House, 1100 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.
LOCAL ITEMS.

Attend the Birthday Party.

E. T. Waldron, of South Branch, was in town Tuesday.

Go to the Birthday Party tomorrow evening.

Upper Crust people use Upper Crust Flour. For sale at Claggett's.

Henry Feldhauser, of Blaine, was in town one day last week.

New styles of Men's and Boys Hats and Caps, at Claggett's.

Frank Owen, of Maple Forest, was in town one day last week.

John Hanna, of Beaver Creek, was in town last Friday.

The largest line of Ladies' Oxfords ever shown in Grayling, at Claggett's.

Dr. Flynn, of West Branch, was in town, professionally, last Thursday.

Geo. R. Anals, of Beaver Creek, was in town last Friday.

O. Z. Horton, of Frederic, was in town one day last week.

C. A. Cook, of Ball township, was in town one day last week.

Peter Stephan, of Grove, was in town, one day last week.

C. Fautley, of Grove township, was in town, one day last week.

Kred F. Hoesli, of Blaine, was in town last Thursday.

Jos. Charron, of Maple Forest, was in town one day last week.

C. F. Kelley, of Frederic, was in town last Saturday.

J. J. Higgins, of Frederic, was in town last Saturday.

W. Batterson, of Frederic, was in town one day last week.

G. L. Alexander made a business trip to Dayton, Ohio, last week.

Hubbard Head, of South Branch, was in town, last Saturday.

C. B. Johnson, of Maple Forest, was in town, Tuesday.

H. L. Cope left on the early train yesterday morning, for Albion.

F. Scholz, of Center Plains, was in town, Tuesday.

Bates & Co. are offering the choicest Teas and the best Coffees, in town.

Be sure and attend the Birthday Party at the Presbyterian church, tomorrow evening.

Latela, don't fail to see Claggett's new line of Shirt Waists; finest in the city.

The best place in Grayling to buy Hay, Grain and Feed, is at Bates & Co's. Prices guaranteed.

Green ground bones can be bought for 3 cents per pound, at Geo. W. Comer's. It makes hens lay.

The Ladies of Grayling and vicinity will find the latest styles in ready-made Caps, at Claggett's.

Phillip Kloppe, an employee of the M. C. R. R., is now a resident of Grayling, moving here this week.

Take Wright's Compound Celery Nervine for the blood. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

Mrs. M. A. Bates returned from her visit with friends in New York, last Saturday.

W. Batterson, the new Supervisor of Frederic township, was in town, Tuesday.

Alexander Emory, Supervisor of Center Plains, was in town one day last week.

Dr. C. W. Smith and family, who formerly lived in Grayling, are located, for the present, in Bay City.

Len J. Patterson was the candidate of the Free Silverites, of Tawas, for City Clerk.

Herbert L. Cope came home from Albion, last Wednesday, for a short visit with his parents and sister.

Regular meeting of Crawford Tent No. 192 K. O. T. M., Saturday evening, April 10th.

Regular meeting of Marvin W. R. C., Saturday afternoon, the 10th, at the usual hour.

W. W. Metcalf, of Bay City, was in town Monday, looking after his property interests here.

L. Fournier will be the manager of the Opera House, when it is completed. A good selection.

C. Michelson, of Duluth, Minn., brother of Mr. N. Michelson, is making him a visit.

B. F. Sherman, the new Supervisor of Maple Forest township, was in town, Tuesday.

O. Palmer went to Greenville on the early train, Tuesday morning, to attend the State Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A cup of the celebrated White House Coffee will relieve that distress in your stomach. Try it, at Claggett's.

Ira Durgy, collector for Gately & Donovan, of Saginaw, died last week at that place. Mr. Durgy was well known here.

Gaylord is quite proud of its new hotel, The Hartnell, and it promises to be quite an acquisition to the lively town.

The employees of the M. C. R. R. are hereby notified to appear before S. S. Claggett, and buy a celebrated Peerless Shirt. The best on earth.

W. B. Covert returned to Alma College, Tuesday morning, having deposited a straight Republican ballot, Monday.

Wright's Compound Celery Nervine is the best Spring tonic. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

Miss Zelma Drummond, of West Bay City, was the guest of the family of T. A. Carney for several days last week.

M. R. Smith, who is getting out timber in Maple Forest, was in town one day last week. He will locate in that township.

By an oversight, we failed to mention Dr. Traver's return from Detroit, accompanied by his wife, last week. —Lewiston Journal.

The Misses Woodburn, Rich and Lamont, of Grayling, were visiting their friend, Miss Bliss, the first of the week. —Lewiston Journal.

Wright's Compound Celery Nervine has no equal as a blood and nerve medicine. For sale at Fournier's Drug Store.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post, No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 10th, at the usual hour.

Regular communication of Grayling Lodge, No. 356, F. & A. M., on next Thursday evening, the 15th, at the usual hour.

Regular meeting of Grayling Chapter, No. 83, O. E. S., will be held next Monday evening, the 12th, at the usual hour.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The Ingerson dwelling and barn, on Michigan Avenue. For terms, enquire at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Dr. Ellis, the Grayling Dentist, will return from Lewiston, Saturday, April 10th, to remain till further notice.

Archibute McKay purchased the Marsh property, on Michigan Avenue, and will move into it, this week. Archie is to be congratulated.

If you are looking for bargains be sure and see the bargain-table at the store of S. S. Claggett. It is filled with shoes, reduced from \$3.00, \$2.50 and \$2.00 to \$1.50.

Through the effort of Henry Bauman, 18,000 brook trout were planted in branches of Hunt Creek. George Dutcher did the work. —Lewiston Journal.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church will give a Birthday Social and Supper, on Friday Evening, April 9th. Everybody come and have a good time.

E. Wyckoff, came up from Pere Chevey on Thursday, and spent a couple of days visiting with old friends. He left on Thursday for Grand Traverse County, going by way of Bay City and Cadillac.

Hugo Schreiber, of Grove township, left on Saturday for New York, where he will take a steamer for Saxony, Germany, his old home. We trust he will have a pleasant journey and visit.

Mrs. L. Fournier passed last Sunday with Mrs. Kneeland, at Lewiston, and was accompanied home on Monday by her niece, Miss Clara Erb, for her weeks vacation, and by Mrs. Kneeland, who will visit her young friends here.

H. Kleinfeld, and family, of Haslett, near Lansing, arrived yesterday, with a complete outfit for farming. Mr. Kleinfeld has taken up a homestead in Blaine township, joining the farm of Fred E. Hoesli.

We were beaten for the position of township clerk, last Monday. The peculiar fitness of the candidate of the opposition seemed, to be of more importance than qualification for filling the office acceptably. Our only regrets are as a taxpayer, as the emoluments do not count.

Awarded Highest Honor—World's Fair, 'DR.'

PRICES CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

For Sale. The Commercial House, of Grayling, is for sale. For terms, etc., address or call on John Staley, at the Exchange Bank, Grayling, Mich. apr3-tf

Fancy Poultry.—Eggs for Sale.

I am now taking orders for Eggs of my Light Brahma's, and Black White Crested Polish, at \$2.00 a setting of 15 eggs. Eggs warranted to hatch. A few birds for sale at \$2.00 each. —Brahmas are all extra large birds, noted as good layers, and from the best stock in Michigan. apr3-w4

V. SALLING.

The cry of "Company Ticket," and "Company Influence" comes with poor grace from a party that secures nine out of ten votes cast by the employees of the Company.

A Life for 50 Cents. Many people have been cured of Kidney diseases by taking a 50 cent bottle of Foley's Kidney Cure.—L. Fournier.

Chas. Silsby took a load of shingles home with him, Tuesday, and in answer to our query as to what he was going to build, said he was going to fix the roof of his corn crib, that the democrat roof (tar paper) he put on last fall, was no good. —Koscommon News.

Have You had the Grip? If you have, you probably need a reliable medicine like Foley's Honey and Tar to help your lungs, and stop the racking cough incidental to this disease. —L. Fournier.

The Board of Registration placed but twenty new names on the list Saturday. The one hundred or more who were colonized by the Democrats in this township, failed to make connection.

A Word to Physicians. Do you know that many broad minded physicians are using Foley's Honey and Tar Cough Syrup in their practice? They have found no remedy that gave as satisfactory results for all, throat and lung complaints as this great cough medicine. —L. Fournier.

By newspaper report we learn that a certain bill "Dedicating certain records of title in Crawford County," passed the House and Senate, and given signed by the Governor, and given immediate effect. The conundrum is, who is the author of the bill, what records are referred to, and how many of our citizens know anything about it?

Working Women's Home Association. 21 S. Pearl St., Chicago, Ill. Jan. 11, 1896.

Our Working Women's Home Association used Foley's Honey and Tar Cough Syrup, and are using it today. It has always been a favorite, for while its taste is not at all unpleasant its effects are very beneficial. It has never yet disappointed us. Wish you all possible success, sincerely yours, Laura G. Fiken, Business Manager. —L. Fournier.

The "mad dog" cry of the Free Silverites that the Republican ticket was a "Company Ticket," had neither sense nor truth in it, and there was not a man who scratched it, or voted the other ticket, who was not an employee of the Company, or was indebted to it for favors which they had not sense enough to appreciate.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Eczema, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, drugist.

The Opera House and Masonic Hall Association has been completely organized, and is in running order, and the subscriptions to the stock have been large enough to permit arrangements to be made for the erection of the building, and it will be built and completed in a short time. But as all of our citizens should be interested in having a fine building, which will be a convenience for all, as well as an improvement to our city, the Directors have called a public meeting for next Monday evening for the purpose of giving all our citizens a chance to subscribe something towards its erection, and to become financially interested. Let everyone attend.

A Valuable Prescription. Editor Morrison of Worthington Ind., "Sun" writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and Sick Headache and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, was all run down, could not eat or digest food, had a backache which never left her, and felt tired and weary both day and night. She had tried all sorts of medicine, but nothing helped her. She then bought a bottle of Electric Bitters and renewed her strength. Price 50c and \$1.00. Get a bottle at Fournier's Drug Store.

Proposals Wanted. Sealed proposals will be received until Thursday, April 15th, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the erection of an Opera House and Masonic Hall, three stories in height, in the village of Grayling. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Crawford County Treasurer. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of Building Committee. JOHN C. HANSON, Sec. Dated April 1st, 1897.

SPECIAL SALES, EVERY DAY!

AT THE STORE OF

S. S. CLAGGETT,

WHERE YOU WILL FIND

everything new and up to date. A new stock of Goods at Popular Prices.

Our aim is to please Everybody, and we have selected a Stock to suit all. You will find the latest designs in DRESS GOODS,

WASH GOODS of every description, LINENS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, RIBBONS, NOTIONS, LACES, TRIMMINGS.

EMBROIDERIES, LACE CURTAINS, BED SPREADS, Ladies' Wrappers and Shirt Waists.

We sell the BEST Fifty Cent Corset on Earth!

Also a full line of the latest styles in MEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Our Grocery Department is Stocked with the best TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, EXTRACTS, LARD, FLOUR, Smoked Meats, Etc., that Money can buy.

Visit Our STORE for Bargains. S. S. CLAGGETT, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist WEST BRANCH, MICH.

WILL make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Insley.

The nominations of Jay Allen and O. Palmer for Receiver and Register of the Land Office, were confirmed by the Senate, Tuesday.

A cow, which was evidently some what of an epicure, killed in Alpena the other day, had in its stomach several long pieces of hay wire, a gold watch chain, a dozen nails, several hair pins, and numerous other trinkets.

Public Notice. SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Superintendent of the Poor, from the physicians of Crawford County, until April 10th, 1897, for the treatment (including medicine) of the County Poor, for the ensuing year. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. P. AEBLI, Sec'y.

Six extra trains have been put on the Mackinaw division of the Michigan Central within the past two weeks, to handle the flood of freight. It is almost impossible to keep the yards at Mackinaw City clear. Most of the shipments are flour from Minneapolis and Duluth. Alpena Pioneer.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. This is the best medicine in the world for all forms of Coughs and Colds and for Consumption. Every bottle is guaranteed. It will cure and not disappoint. It has no equal for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Cold in the Head, and for Consumption. It is safe for all ages, pleasant to take, and above all, a cure. It is always well to take Dr. King's New Life Pills in connection with Dr. King's New Discovery, as they regulate and tone the stomach and bowels. We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return money. Free trial bottles at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

The Golden Secret of Long Life. Keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels open. Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves is a vegetable preparation and acts as a natural laxative, and is the greatest remedy ever discovered for the Cure of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and all Blood, Liver and Kidney Diseases. Call on L. Fournier, sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

Gaylord's Business Men's Association will hustle a little and try to prevent the removal of the flax mill, located there, which is a good thing for the village, and the farmers of the surrounding country, who raise the flax for it. Cheboygan is offering inducements to the proprietor of the industry to remove to that town. —Alpena Pioneer.

Eggs For Sale. Single Comb Barred Plymouth Rock \$1.00 per 13. Rose Comb Silver Laced Wyandottes, \$1.00 per 13. Single Comb Black Minorcas, \$1.50. These eggs are from pure bred fowls, bought of Jas. A. Tucker, of Concord, Mich., one of the best pure poultry breeders in the state, having won over 200 regular and special prizes at the largest shows in Michigan this year.

GEO. COMER, Grayling, Mich.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$180 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible established house in Michigan. Salary \$175 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

SPRING IS HERE.

SO IS THE TIME TO TAKE

WRIGHT'S COMPOUND-CELERY NERVINE!

The Great Blood and Nerve Tonic.

The Best Preventative and Cure Known For All Disorders Arising From Impure Blood.

FOR SALE BY

LUCIEN FOURNIER,

THE DRUGGIST, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

DR. J. A. ELLIS DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE, in Mrs. S. C. Knight's Parlor GRAYLING, MICH.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL (NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

Trains leave Grayling as follows: GOING NORTH.

4:30 P. M. Mackinaw Express, Daily except Sunday, arrives at Mackinaw, 8:00 P. M. 3:25 A. M. Marquette Express, Daily, arrives at Mackinaw 7:15 A. M. 10:00 P. M. Way Freight, arrives Mackinaw 7:30 P. M.

12:40 P. M. Mackinaw Accommodation. GOING SOUTH.

8:15 P. M. Detroit Express, arrives at Bay City, 5:15 P. M. Detroit 10:00 P. M. 3:35 A. M. New York Express, Daily, arrives Bay City 5:30 A. M. Detroit, 11:00 A. M. 10:35 P. M. Bay City Accommodation, arrives at Bay City 7:30 P. M.

Lewiston Accommodation—Depart 6:30 A. M. Arr. 2:00 P. M. O. W. RUGGLES, GEN. PASS. AGENT.

A. W. CANFIELD, Local Ticket Agt., Grayling.

F. & P. M. R. R. IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.

TIME OF TRAINS AT BAY CITY. To Port Huron—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Detroit—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Toledo—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Chicago—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To St. Louis—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Kansas City—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To St. Paul—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Minneapolis—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Duluth—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Chicago—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To St. Louis—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Kansas City—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To St. Paul—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Minneapolis—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. To Duluth—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m.

St. Paul and Duluth—7:00 a. m.; 8:00 p. m. From Reed City and Ludington—12:30 p. m. From Milwaukee and Chicago, departs—3:30 p. m. Pullman sleeper between Bay City and Chicago.

Stopping cars to and from Detroit. Trains arrive at and depart from Port St. Union depot, Detroit. Parlor cars on day trains. Boats to Milwaukee run daily, except Sunday. Daily. EDGAR BRITTON, Ticket Agent.

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GREAT BARGAINS!! AT THE WEST BRANCH GREEN HOUSE.

Now Ready for Immediate Effect

Geraniums at 5 to 25 cents each. Fuchsias at same prices. Ivy Geraniums at 10 to 25 cents each. Hardy plants at the following prices: Hydrangea (Grandiflora), 15 c. 2 year old 50 cents. Clematis, 15 c. 2 year old 50 cents. Clematis, 15 c. 2 year old 50 cents. Any other plants at catalogue prices.

Will have ready from May 15th to June 15th, all kinds of Vegetable Plants at 10 to 15 cents per doz. or 25 cents per box. Also bedding plants for flowers or foliage, at the following prices per dozen: Geraniums, 25 to 50 cents; Pansies, 10 to 25; Fever Fews, 10; Colons, 25; Verbenas, 25; Golden Feather, 15.

Seeds or plants sent by mail: write us what you want. LOTTIE WILLOREN, Florist, West Branch, Michigan.

FRANKLIN'S DETROIT MICH. HOUSE

Oor. Bates and Larned Sts. Most convenient and central location. Cars for every part of the city pass the door at about intervals. Electric Elevator, steam heat, electric lights, this house, etc. \$2.00 per day. H. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors.

ORIGIN OF MAY DAY.

FESTIVAL OF THE FLOWERS AND ITS ANTIQUITY.

May Day, 4,000 Years Ago—The Day in Egypt, China, Mexico and Peru—Old English Customs in Connection with the Floral Holiday.

First Day of May.
For the origin of May Day with its joyous associations, we are compelled to go back to a time when men personified the powers of nature and called them gods and goddesses. How far



QUEEN OF MAY IN FRANCE.
back the goddess of the flowers was adored at the season when the earth put on her green mantle with its floral spangles of every hue, we do not know, for the earliest records speak of a spring festival as an institution already



MAY DAY IN THE TIME OF CAESAR.

well established and even then known more from ancient times. The Egyptians made pictures of everything, so it is not surprising that among the paintings on the walls of their catacombs there should be found some which, from the accompaniments of flowers, garlands and wreaths, are judged by the antiquarians to be of a spring festival, a feast of flowers. May Day is therefore at least 4,000 years old, and it is quite possible that Adam and Eve celebrated May Day in the garden of Paradise if they stayed there over one season.

When traces of May Day are discovered in the earliest ages of Egypt and at the dawn of history in Greece, among the Etruscans, among the Celts of the Rhine and the Germans of the Rhine, in Scandinavia and Wales and Ireland, among the natives of the Indian Peninsula and among the Aborigines of America and Australia and New Guinea, the conclusion is safe that such a custom is of universal observance and remotest antiquity. So it may be that the Chinese are not as extravagant as they seem when they claim that May Day originated in the Celestial Empire 90,000 years before the flood, being instituted by the never-to-be-enough-praised Emperor Chi-Whee, who was fond of flowers and employed exactly 1,000,000 men to take care of his garden.

Leaving, however, the claims of the glorious Chi-Whee to be defended by his own people, it is worth remembering that a festival, in many particulars bearing a close resemblance to our May Day, was celebrated all over Italy and the south of Europe at the beginning of the Christian era, when every one who could spare the time went into the woods and fields for a day's outing, gathered flowers and returning laid them on the altars of Flora. It is also interesting to know that on these occasions the goddess of flowers, was personified by a young girl, the prettiest who could be found, who, during the day, received the homage of her friends and was crowned with the spoils of the fields, a genuine Queen of the May. As cities grew, it became inconvenient to go far into the country, for the excursion steamers and railroad trains packed full of pleasure seekers were not, and a substitute was found by bringing a tree into town, setting it in the ground in a public place, decorating it with flowers, which the country people, in



MAY DAY DANCE OF LONDON BOOTBLACKS.

the hope of gaining shillings, or shill, or denarii, or whatever other coin was legal tender for debts public and private in the neighborhood, were easily induced to bring in. Thus, in the May pole, is seen the descendant of the green tree, and the dancing about it in circles is ex-

plained by the fact that the only way to dance round it at all is in a circle, and also, perhaps, the circle has always had a mystic significance, being much used in charms and incantations. Having learned this much from the antiquarians, these dignified folk may be told to go about their business, for the rest of our knowledge of May Day and its festivities may easily be had from other sources than their ponderous and almost unreadable tomes.

From authors of our own tongue we may glean almost innumerable references and allusions to the pretty custom of hallowing the May Day, and we also learn that less than 200 years ago the May pole was as indispensable in every English village as the stocks or the pillory. When the Puritans, who were not afraid either of the name of traitor, or of deserving it, by beheading their King, came into power, the idea of any one presuming to enjoy himself while he groveled here upon the earth in the humble capacity of a worm of the dust, was intolerable to them; so, with bell ringing and carol singing, and other vicious indulgences, the May Day dancing and flower gathering were tabooed and May poles were all cut down. But after grim old Oliver passed away, the night of the storm that shook all Europe, the people began to amuse themselves again, erected taller May poles than were ever known before, and danced about them harder than ever. But, as often happens in such cases, when nobody opposed the May Day and its pole, both soon fell into what Grover Cleveland would term "inhomogeneous desuetude," and now there is hardly a May pole to be found in all England. The custom of remembering the day, however, still survives, and little girls wearing garlands, and carrying with them a doll decorated with flowers, termed the "Lady of the May," still go about the towns on this day, presenting their doll to the passers-by as a modest hint for halfpence.

In the quiet country districts of France, Germany and Italy there are



QUEEN OF MAY IN FRANCE.

still queens of May, young girls who are on this day crowned queens of the festivities. In many parts of Europe the May festival takes the form of games and athletic sports of various kinds. It is a singular fact, as showing not only the universality of the custom, but also the fact that all the varieties probably had one origin, that many of the features of the celebration in countries



THE JACK IN THE BOX.

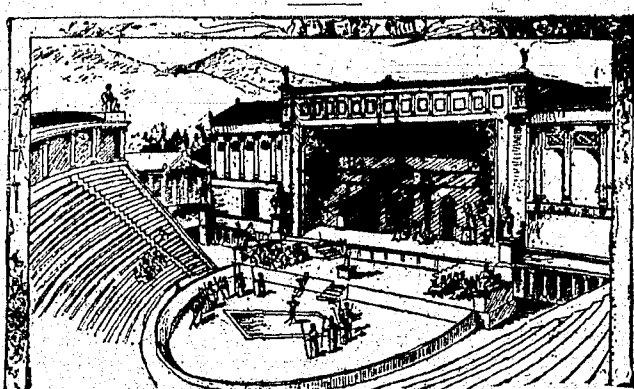
very widely separated, are almost identical. The Chinese, as well as the English, had a queen of the May, while in Mexico and Peru, the crowning of a young girl with flowers at this season is a hint of the same thing. While there seems nothing so transient as a festival custom like this, nothing is, in reality, more permanent, and the manner in which apparently frivolous and meaningless celebrations are handed down from parents to children, from race to race, constitutes one of the bonds which unite us to remote ages and countries far distant from our own.

Increase in Weight.
In Williamstown reside two young men of a scientific turn of mind. They have been discussing whether a man weighs more after eating than before, and have decided that eating adds nothing to the weight, while drinking makes itself known in avoidpoids. Monday they weighed themselves just before going to dinner. Mr. Porter weighed 151 pounds, and Mr. Wheeler 165. They also weighed what they ate for dinner, and the experiment showed that the smaller man was the better feeder, for, according to the scales, he got away with three and a half pounds of eatables, while his companion's capacity was only two pounds. The men weighed themselves again directly after dinner, and both declare that their weight was not increased at all.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Hard to Keep Awake.
In the long Arctic nights there is a constant difficulty in keeping awake. Greely had to make very strict rules to keep his men awake during the long Arctic night. Beds were not allowed to be made, and the men were compelled to get up and move about.

Every man finally becomes greater than the expectations of his neighbors.

THEATER OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.



THE heroic little nation which has attracted the attention of the whole world by its fearless action in Crete is really the mother of all the arts and sciences in modern times. Especially is the Greek the mother of the drama. Athens was the seat of dramatic progress, and it was there that all the literary talent of the nation was enlisted in its service. The arrangement of the theater and its origin is full of interest. It seems probable that its inception was a mere platform, with a sheet of cloth stretched up behind it for a sounding board, the spectators seating themselves as best they could. Then came a wooden theater, which fell down in the year 500 B. C. It was replaced by a stone building at Athens soon after the Persian war, and many of the other states followed her example. The theater at Athens had no roof. A semicircle of seats was an amphitheater was traversed by radiating gangways. The lower rows were reserved for state dignitaries and the judges who decided the merits of the play. Before them was a semi-elliptic or semi-circular "orchestra," with an altar, called the thymele, in the center. The chorus executed its movements there, and during the acting took definite places around the thymele. Behind this at a greater elevation was the proscenium, which may be described as in form a long, shallow box with an open front. The walls served for scenes, whether landscape or palace. The slides were furnished with scenery painted on triangular prisms, called periaktoi, mounted on vertical pivots, revolving as a change of scene was called for. The first scene painter who applied the principles of drawing in perspective with light and shade effects to the stage did so at Athens about 400 B. C. "Eponies" were not unknown, as thunder and lightning were represented, and Euripides had real trees on the stage in one of his plays.

PRINTERS IN HARD LINES.

Typesetting Machines Have Put Hundreds Out of Work.

What becomes of all the plus? Is a question that has puzzled economists for generations. Millions are made every year, and yet the world is not overstocked. What has become of the printers since the introduction of typesetting machines? Is a question far more interesting and important.

During the past five years typesetting machines have been set up in the city printing offices all over the country, and in the city of Chicago alone there are over 200 of them. Each of these machines does the work of three men. It takes but one man to run each machine; consequently there are 400 printers in Chicago bereft of work because of the substitution of machine for hand composition. All of the daily newspapers use machines; all of the book-publishing houses likewise have them; a few of the job printing establishments employ them upon pamphlet and circular work; one concern does straight composition on machines for various job printing houses at a reduction in price from that formerly allowed for hand composition.

The situation, from the printer's point of view, is growing worse daily. The weight of years is telling upon the majority. The younger among them have succeeded in mastering the art of typesetting by machinery, but the older members of the craft have found it difficult if not impossible to do so. In view of the new order of things, the employers, in co-operation with the Typographical Union, have reduced the hours of labor so that a larger number of printers may find employment. The average duration of a machine printer's labor is seven hours daily, while he is permitted to work but six days a week. This gives opportunity for the employment of a considerable number of substitutes, who thus manage to earn enough to subsist upon. On two other days in each week the machine operators are permitted, if they choose, to put on substitutes. At the present time all are urged to exercise this privilege, although no effort is made to compel them to do so.

No trade requires of those who follow it as high a degree of intelligence and as wide a scope of general information as the art of typesetting. Not only must a printer be able to read and write readily, but he must also understand the rules of grammatical construction in order that he may correct the blunders that may creep into his

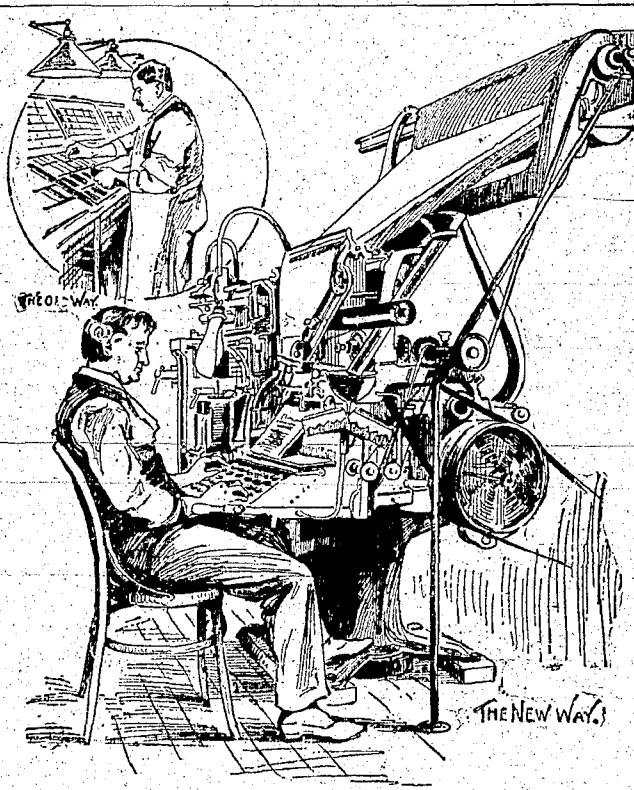
managers, editorial writers and workers who have made the Chicago newspaper what they are—the greatest in the world—served successfully as printers' devils, compositors and writers.

One result of the coming of the typesetting machines has been a great increase in the number of small job printing offices throughout the city, with a small job press, a couple of fonts of body type and a fair assortment of job type suitable for card, bill-head and circular work. An enterprising and industrious man can earn a good living. From neighboring tradesmen and professional men he can procure work enough to keep him busy, and, in most cases, more than he could earn at the press. Many of these printers are increasing their facilities year by year, and when old age overtakes them will be in possession of a business that will assure them a competence if not comparative wealth. They are pursuing a course that merits reward, at any rate.

One gratifying fact in connection with the printing craft is the gradual decrease of late years of that class known as the tramp. He seldom makes his appearance in Chicago. Intemperance, which has always been the greatest foe of the printer, is decreasing. Employers demand reliable men, and these being plentiful there is no room for the bumster. When any such come to the city they soon discover that their chances of obtaining employment are meager, and they betake themselves to other fields.

Acknowledging the fact that machine typesetting has wrought a revolution in their craft, the printers generally face the situation with fortitude and even cheerfulness. Those who can do so are qualifying themselves as operators; those whose years preclude them from attempting to learn what is practically a new trade are looking about them for other means of earning a living. Hundreds have sought the smaller towns where the typesetting machine is yet a dream, and where its cost will keep it in banishment for many years to come. A few—a very few—have surrendered to an inexorable fate and have gone to the Childs-Drexel printers' home at Colorado Springs; but the vast majority are battling manfully with fate and will continue to battle until "the jig is up."

She Reads Hieroglyphics.
Mrs. James Robottom, of Jersey City, is an indefatigable student of everything Egyptian, having made such progress in her work that the great



THE NEW WAY.

copy. He must have a knowledge of history and of men who make and have made it. He must be familiar with the record of passing events, and have at least a smattering of the arts and sciences. He must be quick to detect errors that others make and ready with a substitute for an imperfect or inelegant sentence. Many a writer has been saved from humiliation by the kindly interposition of the printer whose task it has been to put his manuscript into print.

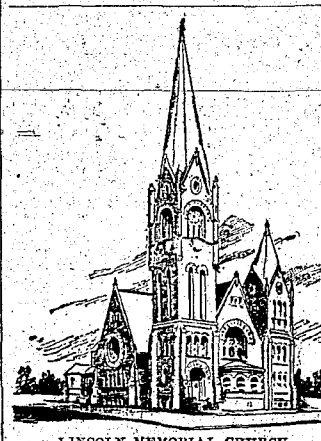
It is not surprising, therefore, that with these qualifications many hundreds of printers have graduated into other vocations which are regarded as occupying a higher industrial plane. On nearly all of the daily newspapers of Chicago practical printers find scope for their talent. A majority of the

Egyptologists of France and Germany have written to urge her to complete her investigations by an extended stay in the land of the Pyramids. Ten years ago somebody loaned Mrs. Robottom "One Thousand Miles Up Nile." She read it while convalescing from an illness, and became so enamored with the subject that she has pursued it vigilantly from that day to this. She has lectured in Jersey City and Brooklyn several times, and has been invited to speak at Cornell. One of her talks is about Queen Hatshepsut, a legend of whom adorns one of the obelisks in Central Park. This Queen was the daughter of one of the warrior kings of Egypt. Mrs. Robottom reads these legends easily, having long since familiarized herself with hieroglyphics.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Finest Structure Ever Built for Use of the Colored Race.

The finest church ever built for the use of the colored race is soon to be erected in Springfield, Ill., as a monument to the great emancipator. It will be known as the Lincoln Memorial African M. E. Church. The superstructure is to be built of Bedford stone, and will be covered with a plate of iron. There will be an auditorium which will hold 700 people, a Sunday school room which can be thrown into an auditorium, giving the whole space a capacity of 1,000; a reading room, a library, a gymnasium and a night school. A memorial room and a museum will be provided which will contain relics of slavery, such as the auction block, the slave chain, the manacles and the whipping post. There also will be seen the obverse of the picture; that is, a collection of books by negro authors and other signs of the character growth of the race since its emancipation. Above the memorial room will be a large triple window containing life-size figures of Lincoln, Frederick Douglass and John Brown. Other ornamental windows will symbolize the history and progress of the negro race in America. Twenty-eight windows



LINCOLN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

will be named in honor of great abolitionists, American and foreign, and of a few prominent Illinoisans. The material for the pulpit will be brought from Harper's Ferry, while the pulpit chairs will be made of material from Lincoln's old home at New Salem, Ill. The entire cost of the church is estimated at \$25,000.

PAPERS QUICKLY FASTENED.

Staple Fastener Feeds 150 Staples Without Replenishing.

A new staple fastener for fastening papers together, which is always ready for use and can be kept full of staples, which feed automatically when a lever is used, is a great time-saver. It has a spring coil which holds about 150 staples when filled to the end of the coil in the center, and as each one is used the center of the coil can be filled out at leisure. One blow on the top of the fastener cuts the papers, drives the staple through them, clinches the staple through the papers, and feeds the next staple, all ready for the next bunch of papers. This is a great improvement over the old styles, which took from one to three blows of the machine, besides adjusting each staple separately by hand.

A Novel Race.
A race which the older citizens of a town in West Jersey love to tell about occurred a good many years ago, the contestants being a bull and a horse. Seely Simpkins, an enterprising youth, who made a pet of everything on his father's farm, trained a young bull to the saddle and rode him to mill. Horses were comparatively rare in those days, and the swift steed of the present race-track was unknown.

Seely and "Jock" were the butt of a good many jokes, but Seely took them with good humor, and contentedly rode the bull to mill. Then, while his grist was being ground, he would ride his singular steed about the settlement, whistling merrily, and showing off the bull's best paces.

In fact, the boy was exceedingly jealous of Jock's reputation as a roadster, and one day at the mill, goaded by the bantering words of a neighbor, he declared that he wasn't afraid to race the bull against any horse that could be found thereabouts.

He was taken at his word, and within a week a race was arranged between the bull and Tom Irvine's horse. Judges were appointed, stakes put up, and a race-track improvised for the occasion. At the hour appointed a crowd of interested spectators assembled.

As the horse and bull appeared, each fitted out in gay-colored trappings and ridden by its owner, vociferous and prolonged applause burst forth. The horse was frightened by the noise and balked. If the bull was frightened he did not show it, but urged on by a twist of its tail and the voice of its owner, galloped along in fine style, and of course easily reached the winning post ahead.

Tom and his friends were disappointed, and declared that the start was unfair. Seely, elated with success, was quite willing to try it over again. The horse behaved better at the second trial, and it was a neck and neck race, but Jock was on his mettle. Both riders were wild with excitement and urged their steeds to the utmost, and in this they were aided by the shouts and yells of the bystanders; and again the bull came in ahead, though by scarcely more than a hand's breadth.

Honors to a Dog.

Here is a paragraph for dog-lovers—and dog-haters also—taken from the London Telegraph:

At a meeting in Bolton Town Hall, held on Saturday under the mayor's presidency, twelve Humane Society's awards for bravery were distributed by Lord Stanley, M. P. A unique incident was the presentation by his lordship of a collar and silver medal to a sagacious Newfoundland dog, "Princess May." The animal saved the life of a child playing by smothering it from beneath a tram-car. The incident was declared authentic, and unparalleled of its kind.

The people who are in society are all leaders.

HOW IT WORKED.

A Practical Demonstration Proved Its Value Completely.

There are moments in a man's life when whittling would not willingly live twice. Such a moment came to the English member of Parliament, of whose efforts to provide instructive entertainment for his guests Chambers' Journal tells an amusing story.

It was in the early days of the London "district messenger system," when the convenient arrangement which had for some years flourished in the United States was taking root in England. The desirability of providing himself with such an addition to his comforts was recognized by the M. P., and he took steps to have a call-box placed in his house. Accordingly the workmen came and set to work.

The chosen representative of a body of the English people was in haste to have the business completed, for he was that day to entertain some friends at dinner, and desired greatly to show them his latest luxury. The foreman agreed to do what he could. He promised in any case to fit up the call-box that day, but he held out little hope of being able to connect it with the office.

The dinner hour came, and with it the guests, and in due time the member of Parliament led his friends into the hall to see this latest scientific novelty. He carefully explained that he could to-day show them the working of this wonderful system as he could never do again, for the box was not connected with the central office. Then he explained the signals one by one, turning the pointer first to the word "Messenger" and pulling a small lever. A clockwork buzzing resulted.

"There," said the triumphant M. P., "that would bring me a messenger in five minutes if it were connected. And now see."

He turned the pointer to "Cab," and a similar operation was repeated. Then "Police" and "Fire" in turn were signalled, to the unfeigned delight of the company.

"Most ingenious contrivance I ever saw," said one.

"Lucky it's not connected," remarked another.

Scarcely were the words spoken when there came a thundering knock at the hall door and a resounding peal at the bell. Before the door could be opened a loud clattering was heard without, and the genial face of the host grimed with anxiety. The door was opened and a messenger and a policeman stepped inside, anxious to know just where his services were required. This proved to be only the first installment of the comforts resulting from the possession of a call-box.

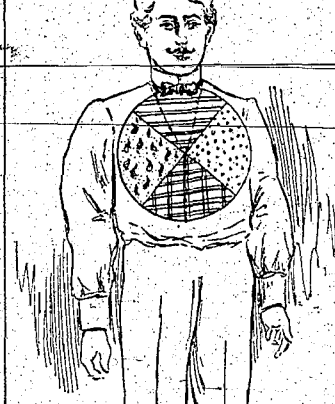
Another minute, and the hurried passage of feet was again heard, and two more boys arrived bearing the extinguisher. Last, but not least, came the fire engine, throbbling and smoking as the horses galloped up to the door.

It is needless to say that the guests were delighted at this unexpected proof of the efficiency of the new invention, and were profuse in their thanks to their host, whom they left in a state of exhaustion after his efforts to explain matters in succession to messengers, cabman, police and firemen, all of whom seemed somewhat hard to convince.

CLEAN SHIRT-FRONT BY A TWIST.

Turns on a Button and Presents Clean and Different Bosom.

The greatest genius so far is the inventor of the rotary shirt-front. This is a stiff circle about thirteen inches in diameter, with a buttonhole in the center for the shirt stud to fasten it to the



REVOLVING SHIRT-FRONT.

ordinary white shirt. This circle of linen is divided into four equal parts, each quarter on both sides being of a different pattern of percale.

This shirt bosom can be worn for eight days, or in other words, it is an eight-day shirt. If the green quarter of the shirt front is worn on Monday a quarter turn of the disk will bring it around to a black and white check for Tuesday. For Wednesday a red seaweed on a white ground would make a pleasant change, while a beautiful delft pattern in blue and white rose leaves might prove a rest for the eyes on Thursday. On Friday, the day of ill-luck, might be cheered by a pink horseshoe on a white ground, with jockey cap and whip, while the program could be varied on Saturday with a Persian pattern in gashlight blues and helleborens, etc. To the young man this arrangement fills a long-felt want. The quarter of a circle fits nicely into the space between the "V" of the vest and the necktie, and no one would ever know that one had on an eight-day shirt unless they were told.

A Married Man.

Merchant Tailor—Good morning, Mr. Trueman. What can I do for you this morning?

Mr. Trueman—I want a suit of clothes.

"Yes, sir. John, the tape and book, please."

"Oh, I don't want a suit to measure. I want a ready-made suit."

"Oh? Ready-made?"

"Yes—a cheap one."

"Certainly—certainly. Right this way, please. I hadn't heard of your marriage!"—New York Weekly.

If you can't sing, or recite, or play the piano, give thanks; you escape more abuse than the Sultan of Turkey.

FLASHES OF FUN.

"It's constantly clamoring for protection for infant industries." "Is that so? Why, I didn't know he was ever married."—Chicago Post.

A girl with a new engagement ring reminds you of a man who always keeps his overcoat unbuttoned when he has on a dress suit.—New York Press.

"What on earth induced you, John? You gave that waiter \$5 for a tip, and he was the worst I ever—" "That's just it, dear. I wanted to enable him to retire."—Bazar.

She—if you were to find that I had lost all my fortune—every penny of it—would you hesitate to carry out our engagement?—He—I would hesitate at nothing.—Indianapolis Journal.

"The Romans," said the teacher, "were good at bridge-building." "I should say they were," murmured the bad boy on the back seat. "Look at her nose!"—Washington Times.

Mrs. Cohn-Ikey, who is "dat" in de front room nit pap? Ikey, A divinity student was looking for a furnished room. Mrs. Cohn-Ikey, go od py der hall und vissle a hymn.—Judge.

"See here, young man," said the stern father, "if you don't come home earlier after this, I'll know the reason why." "Glad to hear it, Governor; that will save all explanations on my part."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you pray for your dear teacher often, Tommy?" asked the visitor to the school. "Yes, sir," replied Tommy the Truthful, "whenever they whipl me I pray for the devil to git her."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures)—There I stood, the terrible abyss yawning at my feet—That brute Brown—Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after you arrived?—London Punch.

Ikey—Yot's der strangest ting dot ever happenen to you, fadder? Ikey—A der dot I hat last year in Delancey Street. Ikey—Yot was dere strange about dot? Mr. Isaacs—I wasn't expediting it.—Puck.

"I wonder," said the young man, "whether there is much money to be made by writing novels." "Some, perhaps," replied the professional amanuensis, "but not as much as by type-writing them."—Washington Star.

Drusilla—I did not see you at the Vanbunt reception last night, dear. Dorothy—No; but I hoped to be able to go, up to the last moment, but was prevented. Drusilla (sweetly)—Yes; I know the invitations were limited.—Puck.

First Artist—Did you paint Stamp, the tragedian, in that tragic role yet? Second Artist—No; that's off. First Artist—What's the trouble? Second Artist—Well, he'd assume the pose all right, but couldn't keep it—there wasn't any applause.—Puck.

"Count, I shall want a little luncheon after the theater." "Yes, mon angel. Eet is quite prepare. But may I ask one small question?" "Certainly. What is it?" "By wheech restaurant does your worthy fader run a bill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grymes—The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she? Gobang—Yes, indeed. The Daily Whoop sent their sporting editor to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading, "Among Those Who Also Ran."—Truth.

"Who is that bloodthirsty-looking gentleman standing by the theater?" asked the guest. "Col. Gore, from Kentucky," the clerk answered; "but you shouldn't judge a man by his looks. It is not blood the Colonel has a thirst for. Oh, no."—Indianapolis Journal.

A woman was arrested in Brooklyn the other day for wearing out a bed slat on her oldest son. She was very much surprised, and told the magistrate that she had no idea that it was a violation of the law for a woman to "bang her hair."—Tammam Times.

"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkiss to her husband when he came home at night. "Are they?" "Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait a while they'd send and buy one."—Harper's Bazar.

"Well, what's your kick now?" asked the manager, as the sobrette entered his office. "Six feet nine inches," she replied promptly. "Consider yourself engaged for my summer extravaganza," he returned quickly; "that's two inches better than last year."—Chicago Evening Post.

She—I understand that Miss Krochet played on the piano at the reception last night. Did they appear to enjoy her performance? He—Oh! immensely. It was the most enjoyable time of the whole evening. Everybody was talking away as if they would split their throats.—Boston Transcript.

Algernon—who has invited himself down for a day's shooting)—Hallo, Tom. What are those tickets tied on the dogs' collars for? Keeper—Well, sir, you see, the Squire remembers your last day's shooting, and thought you had better know the value of the dogs beforehand to save future unpleasantness.—Fun.

Man's Bitterest Enemy.

"Sin is always man's bitterest enemy," writes Dwight L. Moody, in "Mr. Moody's Bible Class," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It separates him from his Maker. It separates him from his fellow-beings. No position is so high for sin to debase; no place so hallowed but it seeks to corrupt; no home so sacred but it seeks to destroy. Sin, like hell, is a mighty lever, says a distinguished divine. And what may be the cause of the thousands of suicides which have occurred during the past year if it is not a loathing of self? It is sin then, which makes man's life become a burden from which he so often seeks to free himself by his own hand."

Extensible Broom Handle.

A means for lengthening broom handles consists of a simple metal coupling with two holes passing through the entire length for the reception of a broom handle, and means for coupling the same, thus enabling housewives to utilize old broom handles and to brush ceilings, walls and places above the reach of the ordinary broom.

W. L. DOUGLAS

3 DOLLAR SHOE
BEST IN THE WORLD

FOR 14 YEARS this shoe, by merit alone, has outdistanced all competitors. It is made in all the latest shapes and styles and of every variety of leather. It is made in a town giving excellent sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER
The Emblem...Special...

Can Be Cured
of poverty, if you can buy everything as low as we offer. Scales.

Remember, Jones He Pays the Freight.
JONES OF BINCHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED
Man to travel, look after and appoint agents, good route, salary and expenses. Address: Jones of Binchamton, Binghamton, N. Y.

To Be Measured.
"I shall have to take little Emerson downtown this afternoon," said Mrs. Bostling to her husband at the breakfast table.

Reforms Need More than a Day
To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation.

Too Cold.
Philanthropist—Yours is the first hand organ I have seen for some weeks. Got too cold for them, I suppose.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

No-to-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-to-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cures runneth nose and all other ailments.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.
A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers. She need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman's trouble. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham.

Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Savative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying.

OLD PEOPLE AND THE GRIPPE

IT IS A MUCH MORE SERIOUS DISEASE WITH THE YOUNG.

A Remedy that May Be Used.
From the Republican, Princeton, Ill.
Among the well-known farmers of Bureau County, Illinois, is William R. Lamb, of Milo, who, with his wife, Mrs. Jane Lamb, is numbered among the pleasure settlers. This family, now well along in years, is the center of a large relationship, and they stand well in the county. Mrs. Lamb, however, has been afflicted with two attacks of the grippe, and her recovery in a comparatively short time has been the topic of much discussion among the people of Bureau County wherever she is known.

To ascertain the facts in the matter a representative of this paper called at their country house, located one mile west of Milo, last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Fuller, a daughter of Mrs. Lamb, met the reporter at the door and gave him a cordial welcome. "Mother," she said, "Lamb quite naturally feels much pleased that she is enjoying such good health as to be able to visit upon her husband, who is now 85 years old and quite feeble. Mrs. Lamb said: "I had always enjoyed good health during my life until the year 1890. Then I had a hot attack of the grippe. During the winter of 1893-94 I had a second attack which left me in a very much enfeebled condition. Mother said: "I can't be that you have the consumption—it may only be a heavy cough. You remember I was reading of some of our friends over in La Salle County the other day who were greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and if you will try them I will have Mr. Fuller buy a couple of boxes when he is in town to-day."

He brought two boxes, and I commenced taking them. In one week I felt much better, and after taking three boxes I felt entirely cured, and am now able to do about as much work as my daughter. When the other day she came from the city with a fifty-pound sack of flour in the wagon, I picked it up and carried it in the house. Mrs. Lamb said: "I feel assured that my recovery is entirely due to the taking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Mrs. Fuller and her husband both said they were entirely satisfied that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that had saved Mrs. Lamb's life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In many cases they cure all ailments arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

All-Important.
Mrs. Topferty (Anxiously)—I wonder what President McKinley's policy is going to be?
Mr. Topferty—In regard to what, my dear?

Mrs. Topferty—Why, theater hats, of course.—New York Evening World.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Spanish Illiteracy.
The Spanish system of public education is miserably inadequate. But little over a fourth of the adult population can read and write. Scanty instruction is given to 41 per cent. of the children of school age, and few of the teachers receive over \$125 a year.

Len's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures skin diseases. Price 25 and 50c.

Boothblack in Paris are licensed; do not run the streets; few stand; no boys—mostly old men.

Remember that (Glen's) Sphor Soap presents all the advantages of any soap at a cheap rate. It's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Wormy pillow or coffee, eat a Cascara, candy candy, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.



FARM AND GARDEN

Desirable Feed Rack.
When hay is fed loose in the barnyard a certain per cent. of it is trampled under foot and wasted. In order to prevent this, in part at least, a feed rack of some kind should be erected in the center of the yard at a point which will be the most sunny and pleasant possible. A writer in the New York Tribune gives an illustrated description of a good rack. He says:

A simple but effective way in which to build one of these feed racks is to be given by setting four tall posts in the ground in the form of a rectangle, as shown in the cut. Their height and distance apart will determine the size and capacity of the rack. It is inadvisable, however, to make it very wide—say not over six feet—so some difficulty would be experienced by the animals in pulling out the hay if bound solidly in the center. Set the posts leaning toward the center in order to make the opening wider at the bottom than at the top. This will prevent binding, and in consequence the hay will readily settle as it is being eaten away from below. From about eighteen inches above ground to the top of the posts the sides and ends should be boarded tightly, making it possible for the animal to get at the hay only at the bottom. Many consider it a good plan to cover such a rack with a shed roof, thus always keeping the hay dry.

Testing Cows.
Do not depend on a single test to determine the value of any cow, as she may be off her feed, in heat, or in some other way not quite right. When a cow in the World's Fair test showed an abnormal per cent. of fat, the superintendents would go immediately to the barn and take the cow's temperature. They would nearly always find her feverish. There were some days a cow gave nearly twice as much butter as the day before. A test made on either of the days would have been unjust. The Guernsey cow that made the highest weekly record for that breed in the World's Fair test, 18% pounds, was fourth among the Guernseys in production in the ninety-day test, and was the tail-end of the Guernseys in the thirty-day test. There were ten Guernseys in that test that had been milked longer than she had, and that excelled her in both production and profit. A single test is better than none, and it is an excellent way to buy cows by testing them, but every dairyman should keep a daily record of milk from each of his cows, and test the milk as often as once a month, so as to know what he is doing. Commence to-day. Don't put it off.—Wisconsin Farmer.

For Handling Barrels.
The usual storage place for apples is in the cellar, says American Gardening. The barrels then have to be carried up the roll-way by two men—a matter of no little difficulty when the roll-way is narrow, as is usually the case. A plan is shown in the cut by which the barrels of apples are carried to the surface with but little lifting, and without jarring the fruit. The diagram tells its own story, except that the triangular truck that is mounted on two rollers is represented larger than need be, thus making it bigger than is actually necessary. The rollers run on a wide plank.

Carriage Horses.
We have a fine class of brood mares suitable for raising carriage horses, and if we are to breed colts, in my opinion this class would pay best. As like will produce like, would only breed from the best, just the individuals that find a ready sale in our home or city markets. Speed, combined with good qualities, helps to sell colts, so would breed to a stallion with trotting blood in his veins, provided he possesses the other qualities necessary in a stock horse, and make sure he was not breeding those little scrubs often seen among our high bloods.—Farm News.

Sparrows and Other Birds.
It is not altogether the fault of sparrows that other native birds are becoming scarce. It is mainly caused by the wanton slaughter of birds by men and boys, and the habit of women of wearing birds upon their bonnets, which to any thinking person only brands them as heartless, or at least as thoughtless. The common birds have some of them learned to defend themselves against the sparrow. The robin, especially, which is much larger than the sparrow, has learned that, if he will, he can be more than a match for the little tormentors.

Only One Letter Wrong.
"It's strange what a rumpled a little mistake can stir up," said the proofreader, reflectively.
"What's the matter now?" asked the copy-holder.

"Oh, just a little slip in that article about collectors of bric-a-brac," explained the proofreader. "A mere trifle, but the fellow is making an awful row about it."

"What was the mistake?"
"Why, according to the copy, the paragraph that has made all the trouble should have read: 'Prof. Jenkins has devoted years of his life and a vast amount of money—in fact, almost impoverishing himself—in order to make the finest collection of jugs now in existence.'"

"And I suppose his name was spelled wrong," said the copyholder. "Those professors are mighty cranky and particular about their names."

"No," returned the proofreader; "it wasn't the name. The compositor got an 'n' for a 'u' in jugs, and I failed to catch it."—Chicago Evening Post.

How much you read is of less consequence than how much you think about what you have read.—Selected.

PULSE of the PRESS

It may be that the Mississippi River was merely rising to call attention to its desire for an increased appropriation.—Washington Post.

If there is a blowhole anywhere in that Supreme Court decision the railway attorney can be depended upon to find it.—Kansas City Journal.

If the arbitration treaty ever emerges from the American Senate, it bids fair to look more like a product of war than of peace.—Montreal Star.

There are some Congressmen who do not seem so large when they reach Washington as they do before they leave home.—Baltimore American.

The Crown Prince of Corea has got himself kidnapped. It is to be hoped this is no indication that he intends to go on the stage.—New York Press.

It is said that the people of the United States smoke 115,000 tons of tobacco every year. Nobody has attempted to weigh the cigarettes.—Cleveland Leader.

Too many bills are introduced into legislative bodies, but there is always the consolation that most of the bills introduced will never be passed.—Chicago Record.

Canton doesn't exhibit good business judgment in offering \$5,000 bonus for a boiler factory. It could get a season of Wagnerian opera for less.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Now the lacillus which causes baldness has been located by a French savant, Dr. Sabouraud, and vaccination for loss of hair may be next in order.—Springfield Republican.

It reciprocity is good for anything it ought to be able to secure a hit by giving Jamaica bromo-seltzer and watermelons in return for rum and ginger.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The story of Senator Quay and the Florida panther ought to warn all such animals of the danger attending transactions with Pennsylvania politicians.—New York Journal.

There are three classes of people who can keep from an anxious country what they eat for breakfast—murderers, pugilists and Presidential candidates.—Indianapolis Journal.

A New Yorker has been offered the post of dentist to the Emperor of Germany. He ought to accept and compel William to cease showing his teeth at every fresh war scare.—Chicago Tribune.

The Court of Appeals finds that rapid transit in New York is constitutional. But it will require a full bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to find any rapid transit in New York.—New York Advertiser.

The Dominion Government has determined to bridge the St. Lawrence at a cost of \$3,000,000. Canada proposes to become part of this country whether her politicians like it or not.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

When President Krueger, of the South African republic, doesn't like an editorial in his morning paper, he suppresses the journal's publication. There are officials in the United States who must envy Krueger his power.—Scranton Tribune.

In the Glad Spring Time.
How the wheelmen responded to the sun's invitation.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The first baseball game of the season seems to have got in ahead of the pioneer robin.—Boston Herald.

Windy March has finished his task of blowing up the earth's pneumatic tires for the bicycling season.—Chicago Record.

PULSE of the PRESS

Fishing is very good in Florida, plenty of fish in the river, blackberries are getting ripe and nobody need starve.—Florida Times-Union.

Great weather this! But the skies are not half as blue as the poets who can't find a market for their spring songs.—Atlanta Constitution.

Will somebody please organize a society for the prevention of spring poets? Or else persuade the Humane Society to include this branch within its scope?—Chicago Journal.

No matter what the almanac says, the small boy will not admit that spring has arrived until he can carry home in a tin can a live snake of the vintage of 1897.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Spring is evidently on the way. The temperature mounted to 80 degrees in Kansas one day last week, and was at 82 degrees in several parts of Texas. The warm wave is said to be straggling eastward.—Boston Globe.

Office and Office-Seekers.
The office-seeker's motto: The man who stands back is lost.—St. Louis Star.

The first Indian to refuse an office has been the front. It is thought he wanted a better one.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Maj. McKinley is confronted by the old problem of how to put a million pegs, more or less, into a few thousand holes.—Chicago Dispatch.

There never were and there never will be enough offices to go around until every citizen has an office on a public place.—Indianapolis Journal.

One of the Chicago applicants for office has his indorsements bound in sealskin. Yet it is not believed he will land on velvet.—Washington Post.

The offices are being filled gradually, and what is more important, they are most of them going to men of high character and of excellent ability.—Boston Journal.

Some politicians do not seem to care who makes the songs of their country, or its laws, or so long as they get their share in the disbursement of the patronage.—Chicago Record.

It would be interesting to note how many office-seekers would suddenly be called home from Washington if we should get into difficulty with any foreign nation.—Commercial Advertiser.

Foreign Affairs.
King George was holding a lemon in front of the performers of that European concert.—Cincinnati Tribune.

On sentimental grounds the Cretan seems to deserve about as much sympathy and respect as any other semi-savage.—New York Advertiser.

Another attempt to federate Australasia is being made. Unless the old jealousies and differences have disappeared, the attempt is doomed to failure.—Buffalo Express.

The new treaty of alliance between the Transvaal Republic and the Orange-Free State shows that Oom Paul is still keeping his weather eye open.—Providence Journal.

Emperor William says his grandfather was "modest and unpretentious." But, then, probably Willie thinks he is modest and unpretentious himself.—New York Press.

Salisbury is suffering from an attack of the influenza, but if he doesn't have an attack of Russia and Germany one of these days he will be getting off lucky.—Cincinnati Tribune.

BANANA LEAVES

Banana leaves serve many useful purposes, for of them are made tough paper, from the thinnest tissue to the thickest cardboard, clothing, hats and brushes, mats and hammocks. Millions of pounds of banana fibre, misnamed Manila "hemp," are each year brought to the United States or taken to Europe, and spun into cordage from the fineness of silk up through the size of twine to the bigness of mammoth cables; and many a dainty handkerchief and bit of fine lace has been woven from the fibres of banana leaves by the deft fingers of the woman of South America and of the far East.

A Wonderful Combination.
Being the only manufacturers of both guns and ammunition in the world, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Ct., are enabled to keep their guns packed with new ammunition and their ammunition packed with new guns. In this way, using Winchester's goods, shooters can be certain of getting guns and ammunition of the highest degree of excellence and most improved type. As the unsurpassable reputation of the Winchester guns depends upon the ammunition used in them, the Winchester are obliged to keep the standard of their ammunition as near perfection as possible. Shooters who want the best results can get them by using Winchester guns and Winchester ammunition. Send for a large illustrated catalogue, free.

Pneumatic pressure is used to operate railway gates in a recent patent, the air being divided into two sections and holding a taut thread to run between the teeth to dislodge foreign substance.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, 1895.

Right off, to any, even the worst of
SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SORES, ETC.
apply
SANTAL OIL

Hard rubbing is the sleight of hand. A prompt cure is The Magic.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House."
Use
SAPOLIO

ALABASTINE.
IT WON'T RUB OFF.
Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES.

ALABASTINE
is a pure, permanent and artistic wall covering ready for the brush by mixing in cold water.
For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere.
That Card showing its desirable merits, also Alabastine, Kalsomine, etc., sent free to any one sending this paper.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS
But have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, by the dealers who sell them. Every state is covered. For examination by mail, send for a sample. Also send for a sample of our new "Elkhart" horse-drawn carriage. It is a new model, and is the best of its kind. It is a new model, and is the best of its kind. It is a new model, and is the best of its kind.

ELKHART CARTRIDGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PRATT, 207, ELKHART, IND.

Hood's Is the Finest

Spring Medicine—Tonic, Appetizer, Strength Builder.

It Makes You Eat, Sleep, Work and Happy.

"We think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the finest Spring and family medicine. I have been bothered with headache while at my work, many a time having to go home, and loss of sleep, tired all the time, and getting up in the morning weak. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better after three doses. I kept on taking it, and now I can go into the quarry and do a day's work and come home feeling well and always hungry. We have also been giving Hood's Sarsaparilla to our youngest child, who was weak, languid and losing flesh. We could soon see a marked change. He ate better, slept well, and in a little while was like a new boy. He has continued to improve, and to-day is lively as a cricket; and the neighbors say he can talk more than any man around the place." THOMAS WHITE, Park Quarries, Freedom, Pa.

N. B.—Be sure to get Hood's because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier, sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for 60c.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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LIFE AND DEATH.

Life is a river, whose perennial source
Springs from above;
The sweetest flower blooming in its
course
Is human love.

Death is a cavern, whose dark bound-
aries have
Eternal scope;
The only bud that blossoms near the
grave
Is human hope.

—Charles B. Soule.

An Inaugural Ball Cinderella.

Mrs. Bob Miller had many things in her favor when she first appeared at the national capital. "She was from New York, had been twice married, and had the air of always being equal to the occasion and quite up with people and things. At the first glance she seemed to impress you as being distinguished looking. On nearer acquaintance you did not care whether the distinguished look was skin-deep or not, she was so gracious and charming, notwithstanding the forty years which had passed over her head."

Mrs. Bob Miller was the wife of a foreman at the government printing office. "This was not much in her favor socially, but the fact that there was a Representative Robert Miller from New York turned out to be a great deal in her favor." Innocently enough, she left casual acquaintances under the impression that she was Mrs. Representative Robert Miller. If it did them any good to believe it, she was not going to trouble herself about their impressions being incorrect.

As for Bob Miller, he had come to the conclusion that he possessed the brightest and most lovable woman in the world.

"Only, Molly darling," he would say, "do be careful and never say that you are Mrs. Representative Miller, for if you do you will get both of us into trouble. You can pose as much as you like as the wife of Mr. Miller, lately connected with a New York magazine, for that is true enough. But do not go in for anything quite off the line; you might hang yourself."

"Why, Bob," she would exclaim in injured surprise, "you do not think for one moment that I would tell a story! I am just having some fun, and if the set of empty heads would rather fawn and cringe to me because they believe I am the wife of Representative Miller, instead of the wife of honest Bob Miller, printer, well, it's their sin, not mine."

Before the Millers had been one season in Washington, Mrs. Bob had attended most of the official receptions. She was well known, by sight, at the cabinet receptions. On cabinet Wednesdays she seldom ate a square meal at home, the collations being enough to satisfy her needs. At this time no cards were issued for the levees, it being taken for granted that only those having the right to attend would avail themselves of the opportunity. Mrs. Bob Miller went to her first one out of curiosity, with a native Washingtonian, who was rather up to such things. It so happened that she made quite a hit. It was purely a stroke of good luck, she informed Mr. Bob that night.

As her house was small, Mrs. Miller was not called on to give receptions of her own. She hinted quite that her husband was a man of very retired disposition, and cared more for study than social pleasures. But that did not prevent her urging some of her acquaintances to drop in for a quiet call and chat, and it was not long before carriages and cabs were seen to stop in front of the dainty little house on Q street, which she had furnished with so much taste and ingenuity, and at so little cost. For quite a time matters bowed along merrily.

One Saturday morning, towards noon, a young girl rang Mrs. Miller's bell. A young mulatto woman, neatly attired in black gingham, a big white apron and cap, appeared at the door.

"Is your mistress at home, Mary?" asked the girl.

The girl said she would see, and taking the young lady's card, ascended the softly carpeted stairs. Miss Ethel Clifford, the early caller, sat down in the dimly lit hall, made beautiful with rugs and hangings—bought cheap at the sale of some departing diplomat's effects—and awaited the coming of Mrs. Miller.

"My dear girl," was that lady's effusive greeting when she appeared, "I am so glad to see you! So you have kept your promise and will go with me to Mrs. Cleveland's reception? It is so good of you. I'd hate to go alone, and there is no one I care to have with me as I do you. You are a very stupid little thing after all. How do you expect to be able to write about social life if you do not go about more? You can get more material for character in the four hours you will have to wait in line this afternoon than you could get in ten years otherwise."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Miller, but I am so timid about going to the cabinet and other official receptions. I am so afraid I'll be found out as a nobody." She refrained from saying what she thought—"We'll be found out to be nobodies." "But I do not mind this reception, for it is truly a public one. Bess, May, and Lil are going together, and I said we might try and meet them at the north gate of the grounds."

"Well, we'll see when we get there. The reception is to begin at two o'clock. We'll have lunch, and then start right down town. We can take the herdle, a few blocks from here, and ride down to the corner opposite the White House grounds. Oh, you will have a good time—see if you don't. What have you got on, my dear?"

The girl stood out in the strong light near the back window, and threw off her long light ulster. The other regarded her with pleasure. Ethel Clifford was one of those girls whom one person might meet to-day and declare she was handsome, and whom another might meet to-morrow and say she was not even pretty. Her looks changed like April weather. That day she was radiant. Her well formed face was glowing from her late bath, and the long walk in the crisp February sunshine. Her light brown hair was well groomed, and its waves and curls, over which she had spent some little time, repaid her efforts. Her large gray eyes were almost black looking; her lips were red and soft and

parted over her well shaped, white teeth. On the light brown hair jauntily sat a toque of dark blue velvet, trimmed with silver-fur and the wings of a sea gull. Matching her hat in color was her tailor made suit of cloth, trimmed with the same silver-fur, and her hands nestled warmly in a muff of blue velvet, silver-fur, and violets. She looked dainty and sweet, and pleasing to the most critical eye, for youth and health beamed all over her.

"You do look lovely, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Bob. "You have great tact about your dress. No one would imagine that you were working for your living as a stenographer. All the more credit to you and me, my dear, that we are taken for people who have a long purse at command. So you managed to get off to-day?"

"Yes, old Tait was in one of his humors yesterday. He got a fifteen thousand dollar claim through the court. He was jubilant, and after his jubilation had subsided sufficiently for him to come down to earth, I got permission to attend Mrs. Cleveland's reception, as it would probably be her last one."

After lunch, Mrs. Bob Miller, attired in her black satin and a seal plush sack, with a dainty little bonnet perched on her silver hair, and accompanied by Ethel Clifford, was conveyed down town in one of the rumbling red herds, drawn by two lean brown horses, whose shivering bones were covered with faded gray cotton blankets. Truly not a fit equipage for these two lovely women on the way to the reception of the first lady in the land! But as no one would be the wiser, what need are they care?

Though the noon hour was not yet ended, a line of people extended from the white portico of the Presidential mansion down to the north gates and then for half a block away. The newly arrived callers were made to take their proper places, as policemen were stationed at close intervals to prevent late comers getting ahead. Ethel was much amused at a fat woman whom she christened "Mrs. Spangles." She tried all sorts of wiles to induce the policeman to let her get farther up in the line; but as she was fat, forty, and not at all fair, he was cautious of her charms. Had he succumbed he would probably have brought down on his helmet the righteous wrath of a score of angry females. For nearly two hours Mrs. Miller and her charge waited before they could plant their feet on the first stone step of the portico, and during that time Ethel good-naturedly amused herself by watching her neighbors' faces and listening to their talk. It was rather chilly standing in the park, but her pride made her swallow her discomfort and she did not make any complaint. Step by step the line lessened, and at last they reached the door of the Red Room, where the usher asks for callers' names.

"Miss Clifford," murmured Ethel. "Miss Clifford," calls the usher, as he presents her to Mrs. Cleveland. At the misnomer poor Ethel becomes so confused that she fails to receive a definite impression of the first lady of the land and her assistants. She sees a glimpse of a white dress, and then, with the clasp of a warm hand, and the touch of some cold, fishy ones, she passes into the East Room.

Mrs. Bob recognizes in the receiving line one of the ladies whom she had met several times that winter, and she hastens to impart the information to Ethel.

"Oh, don't tell me, Mrs. Miller. I am so disappointed. I don't know what Mrs. Cleveland looks like. That man calling me 'Miss Clifford' quite finished me. I only remember that she gave me a warm clasp as though she had not shaken hands with any one for a week; that the others greeted me as if they had hold of a wet dish rag, and then I landed in here."

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Miller consolingly; "we'll take a walk into the conservatory, look at the people, and try and slip into the line again. I've often done that. Have your senses about you this time, and take a good look."

Acting on Mrs. Miller's suggestion, they wandered as best they might through the open rooms into the conservatory, looked out the big East Room windows down toward the Monument, gazed at their full length figures in the pier mirrors, and then set about falling in line again. They were not discovered, but were again presented to Mrs. Cleveland. Ethel took a good look, and carried away a pretty, never-to-be-forgotten picture in her memory of the beautiful mistress of the White House.

On coming out of the mansion they encountered three young men, acquaintances of Ethel. By one of these a fourth young man was introduced to her as Mr. Horace G. Denison, of Virginia, the grandson of a former President. Ethel was much impressed with both the lineage and lineaments of Mr. Denison. He was about 26 years of age, well built, with a clear cut, clean shaven face, dark eyes, and rather long black hair. He was a man who could be, and was much impressed with all the admiration accorded to Mrs. Miller of New York and her protegee.

"Do you know you are prettiest girl at the ball, Miss Clifford?" he said suddenly.

Ethel, who had seen just twenty summers, could not take this compliment as a matter of course, and colored more brightly than before.

"No," she answered simply. "How can I tell?"

"Let me show you," he said, and led her before one of the long mirrors draped with red, white and blue. The girl regarded the two figures in the glass, then, after one deep glance, turned quickly away. She knew the part she was playing, that of being a somebody when she was in reality a social nobody. The shame of it almost choked her. Just then some one passed, and she heard the remark:

"That's young Denison, of the Virginia Denisons, and Miss Clifford, niece of Mrs. Representative Miller, of New York."

The girl turned to the distinguished looking young fellow at her side. "Take me out, please; I am tired of all this heat and crush."

"But it is cold and wet outside, and your dress is thin. There is no protection there," he remonstrated, wondering at her sudden impetuosity.

"Do you mind the wet?"

her chances, so she quickly interrupted:

"Of course Miss Clifford is going. Her mother promised me that I might chaperon her."

Ethel did not reply then, but waited until she was alone with Mrs. Bob. The young men had made good even at the corner. Mr. Denison said he would be pleased to walk up Fifteenth street with the ladies, but he was due at the Riggs House at 6 o'clock, as he was his Senator uncle's secretary, and there was to be a night session. Mrs. Miller warmly invited the young men to call, saying that Ethel was accustomed to spend Friday evenings with her. Mr. Denison claimed the honor of coming on the next Friday, and then walked toward the Riggs House.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Miller," exclaimed Ethel, after the quartet had departed, "why did you say that about the ball? You know I can't possibly go; I haven't a thing to wear, and the ball is only three weeks off."

"Oh, but you can and must go. You can get something in that time. Haven't you any money saved, you extravagant girl?"

"Yes, but I am saving it for a camping trip next summer."

"A camping trip! Nonsense! Let the camping go. I think Mr. Denison will have something to say about next summer, if he gets a little encouragement. Come up and stay to tea with me, and we will talk the dress over. You can get off some day next week, and we will make purchases. Already I have decided what you shall wear. You must have white—you have such a beautiful color when you get excited, and I know you will be excited that night. Get soft white, with red sash, ribbon, red slippers, with red gloves, and rich red roses."

"My dear Mrs. Miller! What would mother say to such a costume? She would probably ask whether I was attending a masquerade party. She will think it useless extravagance, any way; the tickets are five dollars; to say nothing of the carriage, supper and the rest of it."

"Never mind these things," Mrs. Miller wanted to act as chaperon to a pretty, brilliant girl. We'll say that Mr. Robert Miller is sick. For I know he will not go, and then I can chaperon you as your aunt. Now, as for that costume, you must wear it. There will be lots of beautiful dresses there; lots of imported gowns, but the men don't care whether the gowns are imported or not. Men like white; it appeals to their better natures. They like red; it appeals to their passionate natures. If the colors are well mixed, you will be the most attractive girl in the ball room. Yes, you shall have white China silk, with puffed sleeves and a V-shaped neck. You have a beautiful neck, and I'll lend you my corals. The red slippers, gloves and roses you must have."

Ethel fell into the dream of loveliness at once, and after that scarcely slept in anticipation of the great night. She had met Denison at Mrs. Miller's several times since that Saturday, and every time made her more desirous of shining before him. Some of his acquaintances had informed him that Ethel was studying law with Judge Tait; that her people had had means at one time, but were now just merely well off. Young Denison swallowed this information, and kept on meeting Miss Clifford at the home of Mrs. Robert Miller, of New York.

General Harrison's inauguration took place amid sheets of rain that swept the streets of Washington and soaked the passing soldiers, but did not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowds that gathered to watch the pageantry. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, with Ethel, had places on the stand opposite the reviewing party. They stayed in their wet seats until nearly four o'clock, and then, though the parade was still passing, they rose to go home, for Mrs. Miller insisted that they must have warm baths, hot bottles, and a good nap before getting ready for the ball. As Ethel's family lived a little distance outside the city, she was to stay at Mrs. Miller's all night.

At nine o'clock the two ladies drove away from the Miller home. Mrs. Miller was resplendent in gray silk, black lace and violets. Ethel was a realization of their dreams. She had never looked so beautiful in all her life, she has never looked so beautiful since. She had not been in the great hall of the Pension Office an hour before her program was almost filled. After a little while she realized that a great many people were not dancing, and so she changed some of her engagements into promenades. Mrs. Miller of New York was much in evidence, and watched her protegee with pride. She had heard many favorable comments on Ethel's beauty, and also many queries as to her identity.

The hours slipped swiftly on, marked with happiness to Ethel, especially in her dances and promenades with young Denison. He was as attentive and graceful as a man could be, and was much impressed with all the admiration accorded to Mrs. Miller of New York and her protegee.

"Do you know you are prettiest girl at the ball, Miss Clifford?" he said suddenly.

Ethel, who had seen just twenty summers, could not take this compliment as a matter of course, and colored more brightly than before.

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"That's young Denison, of the Virginia Denisons, and Miss Clifford, niece of Mrs. Representative Miller, of New York."

The girl turned to the distinguished looking young fellow at her side. "Take me out, please; I am tired of all this heat and crush."

"But it is cold and wet outside, and your dress is thin. There is no protection there," he remonstrated, wondering at her sudden impetuosity.

"Do you mind the wet?"

"No, but I could not think of taking you out in it."

"Please wait for me at the door of the cloak room," she persisted; and after he had escorted her there, he stood a little way off, still wondering at her change of manner.

Just then another man came up.

"Say, Denison, give me an introduction to your partner. She is the envy of all the women, and the admiration of all the men in the room. Where did you ever find her? What a place of natural beauty, and how divinely she dances! Jove, but you two make a handsome couple! I hear she is the niece of a New York Congressman; introduce me, won't you?"

Denison regarded the blase old fellow half impatiently.

"Wait until after supper. I am going to take her in."

The old beau walked off, and then a little figure, wrapped up warmly in a red carriage cloak and a white knitted fascinator, came out of the cloak room.

"Have you your coat and hat?" she asked. "See, I have put on my high shoes and my warm wraps."

"You still insist on the wet air, do you?"

"Yes," and she smiled faintly.

When Denison had gone for his things she sat in the corner and took in all the brilliancy before her. She thought of her wonderful entrance there; her sudden popularity, the admiration, the homage. With this she contrasted the cold, everyday drudgery, her plain home, her common, though honest people. Now she was going to take all this borrowed glory in her hands and throw it away forever. She was going back where she belonged; there was nothing to be ashamed of in that plain life, if there was nothing to brag of. She could not go on living this life, meeting this man at Mrs. Miller's, pretending to be somebody, when her family needed her aid. Better let him know it at once and drop her; than let him meet her again and again, and love him more the more they met. Yes, she owned it—she loved him with all the glad, romantic impetuosity of a first love. Tears were welling in her sparkling gray eyes when her escort returned.

"We can stay in the shelter of the east door," she said. "We will not stay there long—just a little while. I think when Mrs. Miller is ready we will start for home."

The cold rain was beating drearily against the empty benches, the bushes in the park, and the trees that lined the streets. The two young people had left the warmth and the glare of the ball room behind them, to face the dreariness of the black night, and the modest row of houses opposite the park. They both felt the difference, and he spoke of it, tenderly holding the red gloved hand as he did so.

"Mr. Denison," she began. Oh, this paradise on which she was going to turn her back! She, the Cinderella of the inaugural ball, would slip away from the prince before he found her in rags. "Mr. Denison," she started again, and then went bravely on. "You spoke to-night of what some have said about me. Now I want to say that to scarcely any of it have I a right. Mrs. Miller is not my aunt, and I am not connected in any way with a family that has been rich, famous, or otherwise prominent. My father is merely a government clerk. We are people of modest means, and have nothing to recommend us save honesty and a little coat of smartness. I am a stenographer to Judge Tait. I never posed as a society girl. I do not care to now—I could not. I do not wish to live wrong impressions in that direction. You might think I was a somebody. The girl was actually sobbing."

It was then that the chivalrous son of a famous family put his arm around the slender figure in the red cloak.

"Hush, my dear girl! Thank God! Of all things in the world I reverence truth the highest! I despise all this shallowness, this leaning back on one's ancestors—though I am proud of mine in a way. But still, I want the world to accept me, not his dead glories. Ethel, I loved you from that first day when I met you at Mrs. Cleveland's reception. I had heard of your friend, Mrs. Miller, but I found out that she was not the wife of Mr. Robert Miller. Mr. C. I was rather disappointed in you, but then I reflected that it was not you who misled me. I came to the ball to-night partly to see how you would carry yourself under her banner. You have done better than the rest of them in there. Still I could not help feeling there was something wanting. I wanted to know that you were not shallow, I wanted to love you, but I tried to keep myself from loving a deceitful girl. Forgive me if I speak too soon or too bluntly—I cannot help it. Ethel, the distinguished face bent over the red shoulder—"Ethel, do you think you could love me well enough to permit me to come and see you in your own home? Do you think you could return some of my love?"

The girl shrank back in the shadow of the great doors; the rain seemed to melt away, and all that gloomy night turn to one of beauty. Was she dreaming? Again the young man went on fervently:

"Ethel, my dear sweetheart, my brave little girl who could not live a lie—may I take you back into that ball room as my promised wife? Answer me, darling!"

The "yes" which came from the rosy mouth caused the young man to draw the red cloak close to him, and the swish of the March rain against the window seemed to these two like sounds from paradise.—The Puritan.

An Automatic Singer.

An "automatic singer" has been exhibited to the editorial staff of a Paris newspaper. The apparatus is in the form of a tripod, the top of which is a machine smaller than the phonograph, into which the cylinders are put. The sound is transmitted by highly perfected boards to a metallic trumpet, and it is stated that the voice can be heard 220 yards off.

Ignace Pelott, who has just passed away on Mackinac Island at the age of 93, was said to be the only surviving witness of the taking of the island by the British in 1812.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Out of sixty arbitration treaties among the nations of the world since 1815 the United States has borne a part in thirty-two—far more than any other nation.

A San Francisco girl dislocated her neck a few days ago while looking in a mirror. She was probably trying to look over one of her sleeves to see if her back hair was all right.

There were only 1887 natives of Greece in the United States in 1890, according to the Federal census, a smaller number than of any other nationality of which computation was made.

An important decision with regard to the protection of fish and game has been rendered in Michigan in a decree which holds that an absolute prohibition of the sale of game within a State during a closed season or during the entire year, although the effect of it is to prohibit the sale of game or fish imported from other States, is held to be valid.

The Police Department at Taunton, Mass., is trying a novel experiment to decrease drunkenness in that place. The name of every person arrested and convicted of the offense in question is to be sent to each licensed liquor dealer in the city, with a warning that if liquor is sold to any of them within six months after that stage is reached, however, the offender becomes a privileged character, as it were, and is entitled to be tenderly helped home by a policeman when he is found in an overstimulated condition. The rush to get through the preparatory schools to the honor grade can be imagined.

There is being tested at the navy department an inexpensive and simple device, the success of which is of great value to shipping. The mechanism keeps the submerged portion of a ship covered with a film of oil, reducing friction and overcoming to a great degree the resistance of the water. It is said the speed of a vessel may be increased 25 per cent by this. The growth of barnacles is also prevented and the hulls will not corrode when covered with the oil, which is crude petroleum.

The culture of olives in California has increased so rapidly that the State now has a monopoly of the market of this country. The crop last year netted \$250,000 to the growers, but this year it is estimated the output will exceed \$3,000,000. The reason for the expected great increase is that a great number of orchards bear this year for the first time. It takes seven years to bring an orchard to profitable bearing. Properly tended the trees continue to produce for centuries.

A striking picture of the official corruption that prevails in China is afforded by some diplomatic reports submitted by the English Foreign Office to the houses of Parliament at Westminster. Among other things it is shown that so great is the stealing that, were the Imperial Government to abolish the rice tribute from the provinces of King-su and Chekiang alone, it would effect an economy of more than \$2,000,000, which is the sum that its collection now costs over and above the revenue that it yields.

One of the queer incidents of the inauguration parade was the appearance of a Grand Army Post from South Dakota. At the head of the delegation a huge red banner inscribed with the name of the post in great gold letters was held aloft by a stout colored man. Two other dusky gentlemen marched on either side of the standard-bearer, carrying the tassels which depended from either side. Immediately behind the banner came the delegation. It marched with faultless precision and perfect union. It could hardly get out of step, as a matter of fact, for the delegation comprised but a single veteran.

On account of his reputed wealth Vice-President Hobart is constantly receipt of large numbers of begging letters. One petitioner modestly asks for \$5 to procure a set of false teeth, and another woman, who soars far above any such pent-up "Utica" requests that she may be supplied with a fine musical education. This peculiar brace of mendicants bring to mind the old story of the man who applied to President Van Buren, immediately after his inauguration, for a first-class foreign mission, and who failing to realize that desire, went downward through every grade of office from Indian commissioner to department janitor, and, being negatively in every application, finally offered to settle his political claim for an old pair of presidential "pants."

The migration of Russian peasants to Siberia is being discouraged by the Muscovite government, says the Philadelphia Record, because the 7,000,000 now parceled out for colonization between 1893 and 1896, and including nearly all the more fertile soil free of primitive forest, and not too remote from the main lines of communication, have been disposed of. A large number of the 200,000 emigrants who crossed the Ural mountains in 1896 have returned to their ruined homes in the most miserable condition. Imagine the American pioneers, who heaved their clearings in our western wilderness in constant danger of a savage and lurking foe, and who reared the foundations of an empire by the sturdy blow of their axes—imagine these men turning back because they could find no lands free from primeval forest growth or located near the lines of communication! But Russians are not Anglo-Saxons. The English speaking pioneers never turn back; and that is why they have been the most successful colonizers and empire builders of the globe.

A pamphlet sent out by the Department of Agriculture contains a vigorous address in favor of goods roads which was delivered by Judge Thayer of Clinton, Iowa, at a recent meeting of the Iowa Bankers' Association. In it he declares that mud on highways annually costs this country, in the destruction of vehicles, feed of extra draught animals, and delay in getting products to market, something like \$250,000,000, of which sum the State of Iowa pays perhaps \$8,000,000. Besides this, says Judge Thayer, there must be reckoned the vast amounts each year spent, or rather thrown away, in making and repairing roads of the old-fashioned kind, with no results except the necessity of doing the work over again the next spring. What he advocates is the bonding of every town to an amount sufficient to build scientifically perfect roads wherever they are needed within its boundaries, and connecting with the similar highways of the adjoining municipalities. Judge Thayer admits that when he advocates this plan among the farmers they always express a cautious dread of incurring a debt so large as his suggests.

There is a strangely familiar sound in the indignant protests against what they call the grossly exaggerated statements about the plague's ravages there. They say no such exodus from the city has taken place as is reported; that the asserted closing of half its shops is true only in certain streets frequented by the lowest class of the population, and that the death rate is not 200 per 1,000 a week, as has been stated by the European press, but at what will be 200 per 1,000 if the epidemic lasts a year. Even the Bombay editors, however, with all their regard for the city's reputation and commerce, especially the latter, admit that the situation is sufficiently grave to excite the apprehension of other nations. The most conservative estimates are that somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 persons have fled from Bombay since the plague appeared, and while the weekly death rate has been nothing near like 180,000, as it would be at 200 per 1,000 a week, yet even as an annual mortality that is terrible enough to account for a panic in the city and the adoption of vigorous precautions outside of it. A disease that kills 6,979 out of 8,333 persons attacked, as this one has, according to the official records, endangers the world to such an extent that it may well excite terror everywhere.

On the Upper Lachine Road, a few miles from Montreal, is a handsome brick house occupied by a family named Decarie. Another occupant of the house, according to the servants, and many of the people living near, was a good practical ghost. This creature had never been seen by anybody, but for months past his or her voice had been plainly heard, filling the hours of darkness on every stormy night with lugubrious moans which believers in the supernatural regarded as awful, and even skeptics admitted that they were mysterious. Finally the notoriety which the house attracted became unendurable to its owner, and after himself making for the twentieth time a vain effort to discover the origin of the troublesome commotion, he determined to call in expert aid. To the surprise of his humble neighbors, Mr. Decarie did not resort for assistance to a priest, but to a plumber. The choice was justified by the result, for the knight of the soldering iron soon found that the ghost, such as it was, lived in a hole in the cellar wall through which passed a furnace pipe, and the wind. A newspaper stuffed in the opening sufficed to silence the moans while they were doing their very best to make the plumber's hair stand on end, and later a few bricks and a little mortar drove the perturbed spirit away for good and all. The Plumber's Society might have made a longer and more interesting job of the investigation, but it could not have solved the problem more effectively.

"According to an Englishman," says Bearings, "the introduction of the bicycle into the postal service of England has made it possible for letters to reach the hands of people living some distance from post office towns with much less delay than formerly, and there is no sphere of work in which the bicycle has proved more valuable than that of the postal service. Propositions have been repeatedly made to use bicycles and tricycles in the postal services of American cities, and Chicago and a number of the large cities are already employing a crop of mounted letter carriers for service in outlying districts where the residences are scattered. This is all well and good; but there is need of an indefinite extension of this service. The farmers of the country and residents of the rural districts have long looked with jealousy upon the admirable delivery system of our cities, and prayed for mail delivery in the country, asserting that they are as much entitled to at least one delivery daily as the business man having an office in town is entitled to half a dozen. One of the most serious drawbacks to rural life is the lack of postal service, and undoubtedly this, in conjunction with our miserable country roads, has much to do with the growing desertion of American farms in some sections. The demand for mail delivery in the country has become so strong that last year the Government made an appropriation for the purpose of establishing a test service in two of our most rural States. What the result can be only time can tell, but it is greatly to be hoped that the experiment will prove successful. In rural mail delivery will be found an excellent opportunity for the bicycle to demonstrate its commercial utility. By providing the letter carriers with bicycles the rural service will be found to be economical and satisfactory. Moreover, the use of cycles in the Government service will be a direct means of advancing road improvement, and of securing Government aid to that end."

The Origin of Hall Columbia.

Perhaps few people know that our national air, "Hall, Columbia," was originally called "Washington's March" and was played for the first time on Trenton bridge as Washington rode over it on his way to be inaugurated at New York, and during his administration it was always played on state occasions, or whenever Washington appeared in the box at the theater. It was composed by Pyle, the leader of the few violins and drums that passed for the orchestra. The air had a sort of martial ring that caught the ear of the multitude and soon became very popular. When Adams was president, in a moment of great party excitement, Judge Hopkins wrote and adapted to the music the famous lines "Hall, Columbia." Thenceforth it ceased to be known as "Washington's March," and under its present name became the most stirring of national airs.

Even the most hardy pairs of the earth manage somehow to acquire inhabitants. One would hardly expect that an animal, with any choice at all, would care to take up its abode at the hem of the Alps's eternal skirts of snow. Yet the marmot seems rather to enjoy such a habitat, and does not mind being shut up in its underground winter quarters the greater part of the year. Its winter dwelling is a habitation of some pretension, to be sure, consisting of a pantry and a parlor. A London landlady would describe the parlor, no doubt, as a desecrating room.

FASTEST TORPEDO BOAT.

The Farragut, the Swiftest of the United States Navy.

The United States navy now possesses the fastest torpedo boat in the world. She has been christened with the name of Farragut.

Thirty knots an hour is the speed which this wonderful little craft reached on one trip on the Potomac. That is equal to over thirty-four miles an hour. If she could maintain such a speed across the Atlantic she would make the trip in less than four days, thereby leaving the fastest liners days behind.

The Farragut, otherwise known as torpedo boat No. 6, was built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, R. I. On her trial trip at Bristol she averaged in five runs over a twelve-mile course 28.74 knots an hour, equal to 33.1 miles an hour. This is the best record held by any torpedo boat.

On her subsequent trip from Newport to Brooklyn she averaged twenty-five miles an hour in spite of heavy seas and a northwest gale. Only two of her three boilers were used.

Then she proceeded to Washington for inspection by the Secretary of the Navy. This took place on the Potomac, and it was on this occasion that she showed her ability to make over thirty-four miles an hour.

Her engines even then were not pressed to do their utmost. As in most other cases it is expected that her machinery will give better results after a certain amount of use.

Those on board during the trial trip included Secretary Herbert, General Alger, who is now Secretary of War; Mr. Wilson, head of the Department of Agriculture; Chairman Boutelle, of the Pacific Naval Committee, and the Herreshoffs. There was a brisk wind blowing, and when the boat was making fast time the landmen could not keep their feet in the open and had to take refuge behind the smokestacks.

The Farragut's measurements are: Length, 175 feet; beam, 17 feet; extreme draught, 8 feet. Her guaranteed speed was 27.5 knots an hour. Her engines are capable of developing 4,200 horse power, which is greater than that of the Boston, Atlanta and Yorktown class of cruisers.

The Farragut is formidably armed, although not so large as some other new American boats, which will come in what is known in England as the torpedo-boat destroyer class.

She carries one torpedo launching carriage on the port side forward, another on the starboard side amidships, and a third in the very stern on the midship line. These carriages all have a very wide range of fire. The tubes discharge torpedoes loaded with 200 pounds of gun cotton, and one of these missiles effectively placed would send to the bottom the biggest warship afloat.

The Farragut is especially meant to deal destruction and not to resist it. She is long, slight, black, snake-like in appearance, her outer steel skin is not more than an eighth of an inch thick. Along the boiler space her sides are lined with several feet of coal, but this arrangement would not be a defence against the fire even of six-pounders.

Her twin screws make more than 400 turns a minute. Her boilers steam with a pressure of 240 pounds to the square inch, and large blowers fan the furnaces into blinding incandescence that this pressure may be maintained.

Lieutenant John